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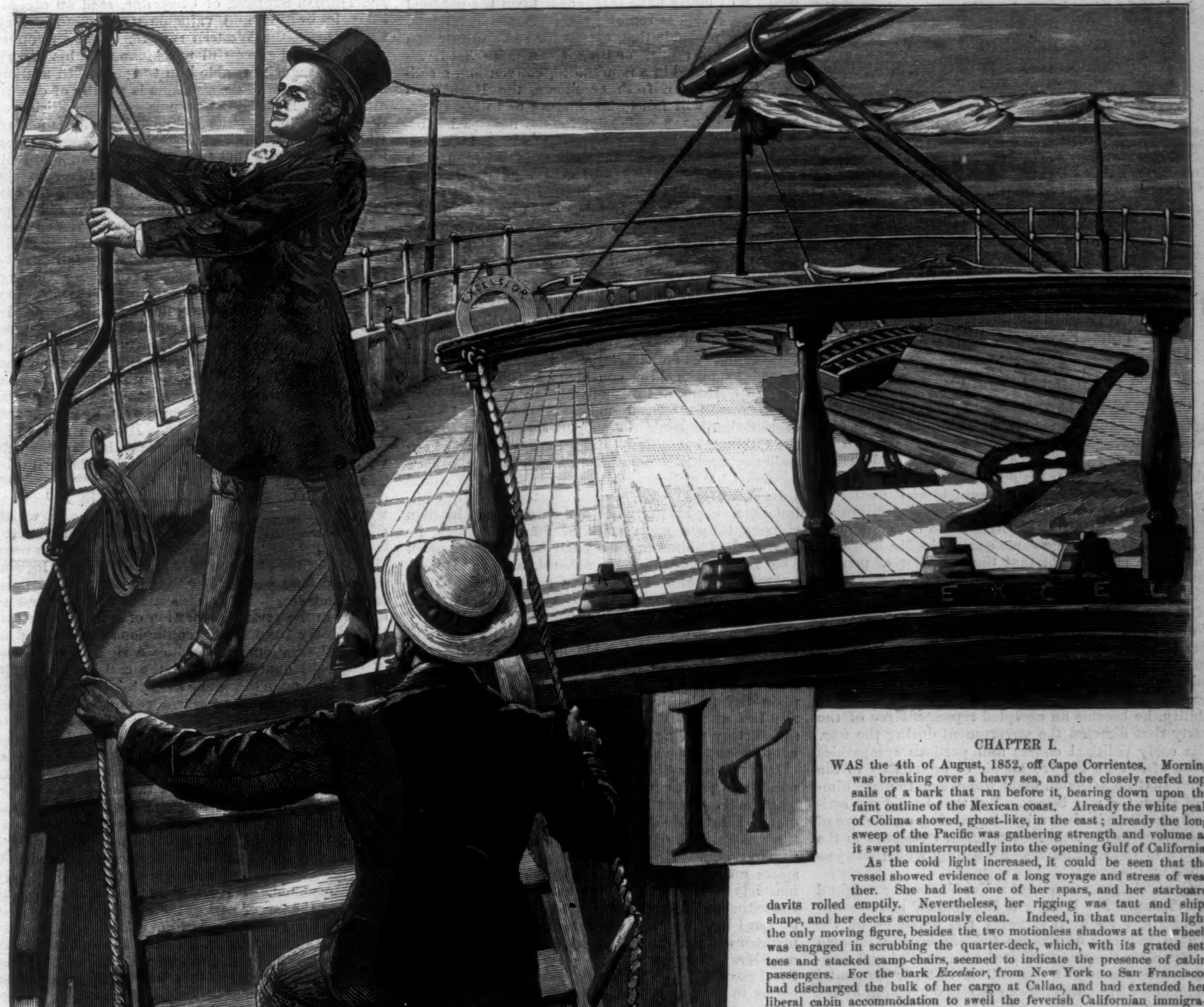
THE CRUSADE OF THE "EXCELSIOR."

BY BRET HARTE.



CHAPTER I.

'TWAS the 4th of August, 1852, off Cape Corrientes. Morning was breaking over a heavy sea, and the closely reefed topsails of a bark that ran before it, bearing down upon the faint outline of the Mexican coast. Already the white peak of Colima showed, ghost-like, in the east; already the long sweep of the Pacific was gathering strength and volume as it swept uninterruptedly into the opening Gulf of California.

As the cold light increased, it could be seen that the vessel showed evidence of a long voyage and stress of weather. She had lost one of her spars, and her starboard davits rolled emptily. Nevertheless, her rigging was taut and shipshape, and her decks scrupulously clean. Indeed, in that uncertain light the only moving figure, besides the two motionless shadows at the wheel, was engaged in scrubbing the quarter-deck, which, with its grated settees and stacked camp-chairs, seemed to indicate the presence of cabin passengers. For the bark *Excelsior*, from New York to San Francisco, had discharged the bulk of her cargo at Callao, and had extended her liberal cabin accommodation to swell the feverish Californian immigration, still in its height.

Suddenly there was a slight commotion on deck. An order, issued from some invisible depth of the cabin, was so unexpected that it had to be repeated sternly and peremptorily. A bustle forward ensued, two or three other shadows sprang up by the bulwarks, then the two men bent over the wheel, the *Excelsior* slowly swung round on her heel, and with a parting salutation to the coast, bore away to the northwest and the open sea again.

"What's up now?" growled one of the men at the wheel to his companion, as they slowly eased up on the helm.

"'Tain't the skipper's, for he's drunk as a biled owl, and 'ain't stirred out of his bunk since eight bells," said the other. "It's the first mate's orders; but, I reckon, it's the parson's idea."

"Then we ain't goin' on to Mazatlan?"

"Not this trip, I reckon," said the third mate, joining them.

"Why?"

The third mate turned and pointed to leeward. The line of coast had already sunk enough to permit the faint silhouette of a trail of smoke to define the horizon line of sky.

"Steamer goin' in, eh?"

"Yes. D'ye see?—it might be too hot in there."

"Then the jig's up?"

"No. Suthin's to be done, north of St. Lucas. Hush!"

He made a gesture of silence, although the conversation, since he had joined them, had been carried on in a continuous whisper. A figure, evidently a passenger, had appeared on deck. One or two of the foreign-looking crew who had drawn near the group, with a certain

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"It is due to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to speak with special cordiality of the editor's work, which excludes every objectionable or questionable line, and presents only what will aid the physical, mental, and moral development of the reader. We have excellent juvenile publications in this country, but some of them lack in taste, others are exciting. HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is calm, cheerful, pure, sober, and clean."—*Boston Beacon.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number issued January 4 is the last of a series of holiday numbers, each of which contained stories, articles, and pictures bearing upon the holiday season which is now closing.

The current issue opens with

DAME BRIDGET'S PROPHECY.

A TWELFTH-NIGHT STORY.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

It is accompanied by a front-page illustration by the author.

Other articles of note in this number are—"Running Birds," by SARAH COOPER; *"Recollections of a Conjurer," by* HENRY HATTON; *and a short story by* MRS. W. J. HAYS.

NEW SERIAL STORY FOR GIRLS.

In the next number (January 11) will be commenced a new serial story for girls, entitled

THE COLONEL'S MONEY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "ROLF HOUSE," "FALSE WITNESS," ETC.

Though the heroine of this story is an American girl, the scene is quickly shifted from America to England, and in addition to the interest that the characters of the story will evoke, there are some charming pictures of English life, both in the great city of London and in the most beautiful of English rural districts, the county of Devon. "The Colonel's Money" will run through more than six months, and will be illustrated by FREDERIC DIELMAN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1887.

JOHN A. LOGAN.

GENERAL LOGAN was one of the most familiar of public figures, and his simple character made him easily understood. He was not a great man, but he was an honest patriot and a brave soldier, and during his long public career his personal integrity was never questioned. This should seem to be a matter of course, and superfluous, if not impertinent, praise. But thirteen years ago Mr. ADAMS did not consider it untimely to praise the same quality in Mr. SEWARD, and there is no doubt that the old view of private profit derived from the opportunities of public place has been much changed. General LOGAN was a man of strong will, and of political ambition disproportioned to his powers. But his military career was so conspicuous for devotion and bravery that he had become in the popular mind the type of the Union soldier, and in a political epoch which was dominated by the feelings of the war, without great political ability, he became an accepted representative of the party that directed the government during the war. His early political course and partisan sympathies were of a kind to give an air of probability to the story that he hesitated upon which side to place himself when the war began. But that he did not seriously hesitate is shown by his warning on the eve of hostilities to his Southern political associates in the House of Representatives—a warning which was justified by the event.

General LOGAN was not a Republican by original conviction. He became a Republican because circumstances made that party the defender of the Union, to which he was devoted, and because his own party, after the war, hesitated in a cordial and complete acceptance of the situation. The fundamental principle of the Republican party, opposition to the extension of slavery, and its consequent polity of freedom, was repelled by no man with greater aversion than by General LOGAN. His opposition to the party in its earlier day was as absolute and unreasoning as his support of it in its later day. But the doubts that were sometimes thrown upon his party fidelity, as in the letter of General GRANT in May, 1871, recently published by the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, were undoubtedly unfounded. If the letter be genuine, General GRANT was evidently impatient. But he did not really distrust General LOGAN. He said, as we know, in the same year, that LOGAN might fret and sulk, but he would be found true at last. General LOGAN was naturally a vehement partisan; but the strength of his patriotism and the force of his will were well illustrated by his immediate renunciation of his old, and, if we may use the word, his natural party, when the Union was assailed. He was not troubled by fear of opprobrium as a party traitor, nor by the sharpest accusations of inconsistency; and when, upon his nomination by the Republicans for the Vice-Presidency in 1884, his pro-slavery Democratic record was unrolled, it was wholly without effect, because of the firm and just popular conviction of his unselfish patriotism from the moment that the political views and course that he had warmly supported logically ended in the civil war.

It is doubtful whether his nomination at Chicago was earnestly desired by the more ardent friends of Mr. BLAINE. But nevertheless it was a wise selection for the purposes of the campaign. LOGAN was a man of unquestioned integrity, who never used public place for private gain, he was the great volunteer soldier, he came from the West, and he was especially what is called a man of the people. Moreover, he had been a Democrat, and for such reasons he completed the ticket in a singularly satisfactory manner. His candidacy for the chief nomination could be hardly taken seriously, and it was generally believed to be mainly designed to secure the result that was achieved. He took his defeat at the polls with good-humor, although undoubtedly with the conviction that his name at the head of the ticket would have secured the victory. There is no doubt either that he determined that it should be at the head in 1888; but in the present political situation it is incredible that he could have been the Republican candidate. His death will really have little effect upon the political situation, except as removing one Western candidate. It is now probable that, except for some unforeseen turn in public affairs, or the event which must be always anticipated in a nominating convention, a sudden frenzy for a fresh candidate, the Republican nomination will fall to Mr. BLAINE or to Mr. SHERMAN. The LOGAN campaign for the nomination began some time ago, but it could not have been successful. So passes another soldier of the Union, with whose memory history will deal kindly. His political career will disappear in the lustre of his patriotic military service. His first and great distinction will be this, that in a long and determined war for the Union as the national bond of a system of free States he was the typical volunteer, honest, unyielding, brave, and victorious.

THE ENGLISH SITUATION.

THE sudden resignation of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was characteristic, because it was designed to make him conspicuous rather than to aid the country or to benefit his party. Lord RANDOLPH must be "sensational" at all costs. If he had decided that he could not support certain measures of the Cabinet, but differed only upon questions of expediency, and still remained a Tory, he would have arranged his resignation in such a manner as would least embarrass his colleagues. But apparently without dissolving his party ties, and according to his own statement upon some point of financial policy, he throws the Cabinet and his party into extreme peril. The Tory exasperation is natural, and Lord RANDOLPH seems more than ever a political will-o'-the-wisp. One thing, however, is tolerably clear: if Lord RANDOLPH supposed that the course of the Ministry was sustained by the country, and that its tenure of power was strong and durable, he would hardly have resigned. His resignation is practically an announcement that he does not suppose this. It is a pretty plain declaration by the second man in the Ministry that he does not believe its position and tendency to be satisfactory to England, and that he does not care who knows his opinion.

It is this inference which naturally moves the Tory wrath and produces the general excitement. At the best, the SALISBURY Ministry holds solely by the favor of the Liberal-Unionists. If they should withhold their support, the Ministry would fall, and as it has shown no especial ability, and as Lord SALISBURY inspires no particular confidence as a sagacious and masterly statesman, and no enthusiasm whatever, the rather contemptuous desertion of his colleagues by Lord RANDOLPH, who was held to be the cleverest member of the Cabinet, implies that the great victory over Mr. GLADSTONE may be, after all, only a feast of Dead Sea apples. The general conviction in England seems to be that the young lord is looking sharply out for Lord RANDOLPH, and there are already loud whispers of an understanding between him and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, a radical although anti-GLADSTONE Liberal. But that Lord RANDOLPH could contribute much strength to the alliance does not appear, and at this distance he still seems to be much too light a weight for his actions seriously to affect the situation. The real difficulty with the late election in England is that it was a verdict upon one question of public policy only, and committed that policy to the care of a Tory alliance with Liberal leaders who yet would not leave their party or unite in a Ministry.

Lord HARTINGTON'S course hitherto means that his differences with Mr. GLADSTONE upon the Irish question are not, in his opinion, such as to involve a dissolution of the Liberal party. He and his friends would neither retire from the Liberal camp nor permit themselves to be banished. The offer of the greatest political prize in England did not persuade Lord HARTINGTON to change this position. He was still a Liberal, and therefore he would not become Minister with a Cabinet which must be composed in great part of Tories. If now, however, he should believe that the secession of Lord RANDOLPH made probable the return of Mr. GLADSTONE to power to carry out his Irish policy, Lord HARTINGTON might feel that the situation required him to choose between his party name and the course that he thinks the public welfare demands, and to take even the chief seat in the Cabinet. The Liberal Conference at Leeds in the autumn declared Irish home rule to be the Liberal policy and Mr. GLADSTONE to be the Liberal leader. The mass of the party undoubtedly adhere to this declaration. Lord HARTINGTON is equally opposed to home rule, and his Liberal following is comparatively small. The situation therefore becomes exceedingly "strained" for him if Lord RANDOLPH'S secession from the Cabinet should prove to be important. Apparently the Irish question will compel a closer alliance between the Liberal-Unionists and the Tories, which would leave the Liberal party standing upon the Leeds platform, and the Liberal-Unionists virtually Tories.

THE RANCHMEN.

AT the late Cattle-growers' Convention at Chicago Mr. THOMAS STURGIS, of Cheyenne, read an exceedingly interesting and valuable paper upon a very timely topic, the Western ranchmen. Mr. STURGIS is a large and successful ranchman, and his experience and sagacity enable him to speak with authority, and his view of the situation is worthy of careful attention. He treats only indirectly the collision of the cattle-men with the Indians. But he is a man who would not wink at injustice or wrong of any kind. It appears that from the Rio Grande to British America, and from the Missouri River to the Sierra Nevada—the area which is devoted to the cattle business—is the country known on the old maps as the Great American Desert, a thinly grassed tract yielding no hay, scantily watered, and with a climate so dry that the average yearly rainfall is only from twelve to fifteen inches, but of such severe extremes that often for several weeks the mercury ranges from twenty to thirty degrees below zero. In this area the ranchman is exposed to constant danger from wild animals, solitary journeys through the most desolate country, and for many years from hostile Indians. Under these conditions there has been steady progress in every way, so that, as Mr. STURGIS says, "this industry has been a vast, profound, and direct benefit" to the country. It began in 1868 by driving northward the enormous herds of cattle which had accumulated in Texas during the civil war. The conditions of the ranchman's enterprise were doubtful, but he grappled with them in a manner which Mr. STURGIS describes in detail, and which showed great intelligence and courage and tenacity.

The ranchmen prospered, and formed a stock association for the common benefit, and secured legislation to defend and protect the rights of all owners, large and small. The association was the first to agitate in the press the question of danger to the cattle industry from exotic contagious disease, and to ask of the national authorities a rigid enforcement of seaboard quarantine, and the call of a national convention upon the whole subject. Besides this, the ranchmen supported an extensive and well-organized system of sanitary inspection upon all the routes into the cattle country, and built and maintained large and elaborate quarantine yards. But no claim has been made for exclusive rights upon the public domain. Mr. STURGIS says that the monopolist character attributed to the business does not exist, and that although extensive efforts were made several years ago to fence in large tracts, the efforts have been abandoned, and the fences removed, and that thus the ground of the charge of odious monopoly has disappeared. It is a mistake also, he says, to suppose that the larger part of the cattle interests is held by large holders or companies. The large firms are naturally more conspicuous. But the amount of cattle owned by them and the area of land occupied by them are very much less than those of the small stockmen, who correspond to the farming homesteader of the Western States.

The foreign ownership is also greatly exaggerated. The Wyoming Stock-growers' Association, for instance, has a membership of four hundred and fifty, but there are only fourteen individuals, representing a still smaller number of firms and companies, who are in any way associated with foreign capital in cattle. That is about three per cent., and the other ninety-seven represent American enterprise. The business honesty of the cattle-men is high, and as a class they are usually solvent. Mr. STURGIS says that in his long experience as banker and cattle-man he has known but one or two who in the long-run involved their creditors in loss. This interest furnishes annually about 750,000 head of cattle as beef to the market of the country. To the charge of inhumanity in the winter exposure of the cattle Mr. STURGIS replies that the question now concerns only acclimated cattle, and that while there is very much suffering, yet that no question is so constantly considered, while any effectual relief is extremely difficult. The remedial efforts of the ranchmen, however, are unrelaxing, and a system of artificial irrigation would enable the winter grazing to be confined only to the strong cattle, which would be able to endure it. We have not seen so clear and concise and thorough a statement of the subject. Those who have formed their views upon it from the conduct of a few men may be surprised by Mr. Sturgis's views. But he naturally looks with pride upon an enterprise which has made the desert the seat of a great commercial industry, while proving human courage and endurance to the utmost, and showing "an unsurpassed record of business honor and probity."

PARTY.

The Brooklyn *Union*, a Republican journal which supported the election of Mr. Cleveland, announces that hereafter it will be an "aggressive Republican newspaper," and states at some length its view of the necessity, rather than the true function, of parties. So far as the *Union* holds that great results can be achieved only by the organization of those who hold similar views of public policy, we agree with it entirely. Such organization is the instinct of common-sense, and it is the lesson of experience. But in saying that "experience has demonstrated that the maintenance of two great opposing parties is essential to the well-being of every free government" the *Union* apparently implies that such parties are to be maintained for their own sakes, which is a very different and a very dangerous proposition. It was not the patriotic duty of any American citizen to promote the well-being of the government by upholding the Federal party in 1820. Yet if it were not maintained, according to the *Union*, the government must suffer. As a matter of fact, the Federal party disappeared. It was not the duty of anybody to preserve it, and there was no party division at the election.

If the maintenance of parties be a duty without regard to the individual convictions of the citizens, and upon some general theory of the necessity of parties to free government, it is, of course, equally a duty to maintain their efficiency as parties. But that is impossible unless there be an approximate equality of numbers. It follows, therefore, that when one party becomes so large as virtually to nullify the other, which then no longer serves as a restraint, it is the duty of a certain number of members of the dominant party to go over to the other in order to maintain the party situation which is essential to the well-being of the government. This statement, however, exposes the fallacy of the *Union's* position, because it involves the error that parties are to be maintained for themselves, and not as agencies to secure public results.

The *Union* says that it has and will have no sympathy with the intangible thing called non-partisanship. This is obviously meant as a reproach of independent voting. It means that as parties must be maintained for the public good, and every citizen ought therefore to belong to a party, he is recreant to duty if he does not support his party nominations. But is this anything else than "voting for the devil if he is regularly nominated"? And if that is the necessary condition of belonging to a party which is essential to free government, is not free government in a bad way? If to be an aggressive Republican paper means to support everything that the majority of every Republican caucus or association or committee or convention may ordain, then an aggressive Republican paper is a very mischievous and demoralizing agent in the community. If it does not mean this, then it means that aggressive Republicanism is compatible with occasional independence of the party majority, which is the essence of Mugwumpery, and perilously near that intangible thing called non-partisanship. The practical question is whether the duty of maintaining a party binds a member of the party to sustain measures which he disapproves, and to support nominations which seem to him unfit and disgraceful. Of course when the party measures are generally such as he disapproves, or when its nominations are usually insupportable, he will leave the party. But when its nominations are effected by fraud, as many Republicans believed Mr. Folger's nomination to have been, or when its candidate is believed to be morally unfit, as many Republicans thought in 1884, if aggressive Republicanism requires unhesitating support of the nomination, it is the spirit which has already wounded the party, and will ultimately destroy it.

THE GRADY SPEECH.

The speech of Mr. Grady at the New England dinner has made the orator famous. Already he has been mentioned as a proper candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and an enthusiastic paper in Georgia declares that Cleveland and Grady "would sweep the South like a whirlwind." The significance of such a remark is not its enthusiasm, but the fact that it implies so complete and cordial an acceptance of the speech as an expression of Southern sentiment. In this view also the warm approval which has been expressed not only in the public meeting which welcomed the orator home, but in the reports from Louisiana, Virginia, and Tennessee, is exceedingly pleasant.

The burden of the speech was very simple. The war is over, and its final decision is accepted without demur. The Southern States are at work, and are already prospering. They do not regret slavery, nor are they plotting its restoration. They adapt themselves to the changed conditions, and while they fought as bravely and as honestly as any States ever fought, they acknowledge that their defeat was a benefit; but they justly hold that the heroism and sincerity of conviction of the fight, with the general devastation of their section, the awful loss of life, and the total overthrow of the social and industrial system, followed by the energy and diligence of recuperation, and the total freedom from a vindictive and revengeful spirit, challenge as hearty and honorable a recognition, and a treatment not of suspicion and apprehension, but of the most friendly co-operation.

This was the speech, spoken with impassioned eloquence, and its lofty and magnanimous challenge must be accepted in its own spirit. That does not mean that human nature is to be ignored and history forgotten, but simply that we shall perceive the change as they do, and look forward instead of backward, and not act as if "the South" of slavery and disunion and hatred of "the North," and outraging and hanging of abolitionists, and black-listing of Northern merchants who did not sell their principles, and all the rest of "the South" from 1850 to 1860, were "the South" of emancipation, and secession settled forever, and free schools, and active industry, and generous and sincere patriotism—"the new South" of Mr. Grady and of 1886. It does not mean that we are to be indifferent to tampering with the political rights of citizens in Georgia any more than in Indiana. Intimidation at the polls in Mississippi is an offence against the whole country as great as the wholesale buying of votes in Ohio. Whatever remedies we can apply are to be applied in both cases. But we are to be honest enough to acknowledge that to carry Indiana by the fraud of "soap" is as flagrant a crime as to carry South Carolina by the fraud of counting out. To receive the hand of amity in the spirit in which it is offered by Mr. Grady means no surrender of principle or of purpose, but the renunciation of mere prejudice and of blinding tradition, which are not angels of peace, but demons of discord.

RUMORS OF WAR.

The holiday letters and telegrams from Europe are full of rumors of wars. That there will be "a great European war in the spring" is the universal and also the familiar refrain. There is, indeed, no occasion for a war except the usual reason—the unwarrantable aggression of a military power. Russia is the constant foe of European peace, the vast and powerful empire to which human civilization and progress owe least, and whose career constantly recalls Napoleon's prediction about the Cossack.

The source of the present apprehension is the Bulgarian trouble, and that grows out of the Russian purpose of possessing Constantinople. Bulgaria is in the way, and the one thing that Russia will not permit, if she can prevent it, is the development of a strong national and independent sentiment in Bulgaria. In order to clutch Constantinople, the empire would at once overwhelm the little province, except that behind Bulgaria lies Western Europe, and Western Europe does not wish to see Russia stretching from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, and at the same time advancing upon India. Russia proposes to renew a Roman extent and supremacy of empire, but the rest of European Christendom bars the way.

The form that the war would take, should it once begin, would be probably a conflict with Austro-Hungary. Austria would be sustained by Germany and the other powers. But the theory of a general war contemplates so vast a disturbance that it is naturally a fascinating theme for speculation, and the rumors must be regarded with distrust. In the action of Russia, however, the will of one man is supreme, and the stories of his drunkenness or madness are not reassuring. There is no doubt of the vague anticipation of war, and of general preparation for it.

UN-AMERICAN NOTIONS.

The *World* publishes a letter from a correspondent who detests civil service reform, and who says:

> "Under old Democratic teachings ours was the people's government, and any worthy citizen could aspire to take his turn in sharing in its honors and emoluments. But the common man, when he now seeks for a humble position, must pass through a vexatious and farcical ordeal, then be stigmatized as a hungry office-seeker, and finally treated with contempt by the dignitary whom he may have honored with his suffrage."

This sentence is full of false and un-American ideas. No American, for instance, honors any of his fellow-citizens by voting for him. The voter casts his ballot for the candidate whom he thinks to be the fittest man for the office. He does his simple duty to the candidate, but he lays him under no kind of personal obligation. The honor lies in the character of the office and in the way in which its duties are discharged, not in the action of the voter, who would be dishonored if he did not vote for the candidate that he thinks to be most suitable.

Again, the correspondent says by insinuation that civil service reform prevents worthy citizens from sharing the honors and emoluments of office. On the contrary, it is the spoils system, which the correspondent favors, that does this. Under that system an enormous majority of such citizens are absolutely excluded from office. The correspondent himself, however desirous and however capable he might be, would have no chance whatever to enter the public service, under the old system, unless he had a "pull" upon some local "boss." On the other hand, under the reformed system, every worthy citizen has his chance secured to him, whether a boss favors him or not.

The spoils system deprives the great body of American citizens of all opportunity of public employment. It is the most exclusive and un-American system in our politics, as well as the most poorly adapted for securing the most efficient employés. The pretty theory that the head of an office ought to select his assistants at will, because he knows better than anybody else the clerks and assistants that he wants, is effectually worsted by the fact that he is obliged by the spoils system to select assistants whom he does not want, or know, or choose, but who are imposed upon him by politicians and bosses. Of all the humbugs of the intolerable abuse of a spoils service, none is greater than the pretences and falsehoods by which it is defended.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Norman W. Dodge, of this city, son of the late William E. Dodge, has founded an annual prize of $300 in cash for the American woman of any age or nationality who shall contribute to the spring exhibition at the National Academy of Design the most meritorious oil-painting, the question of merit to be decided by vote of all the contributors to the exhibition. This prize will add much interest to the forth-coming displays. Mr. Dodge has been spending some weeks in California.

—Mr. William Stuart, theatrical manager, newspaper writer, and dramatic critic, a descendant of the O'Flahertys of Ireland, and a friend of distinguished foreigners, died a few days ago in a building which the Commissioners of Charities and Correction had just leased for hospital purposes. The conduct of his faithful dog Rover, that waited near the door of the room where his dead body lay, but could not be induced to enter it, typified the manner in which fortune treated him; but he has left friends who cherish his memory.

—General Loring, one of the most accomplished and distinguished of the American officers who after the civil war took service with the Khedive of Egypt, died in New York on December 30, having just entered his seventieth year. He was a lieutenant-general of the Confederate service at the close of the war; his first appointment in Egypt was as Lerodu Pasha, or brigadier-general, and he rose to the rank of Fereek Pasha, or major-general. A portrait and sketch of him were given in Harper's Weekly for October 2, 1875. He left the Egyptian army in 1880, and returned to his own country, employing his leisure in literary work. He published *A Confederate Soldier in Egypt*, and up to the time of his death was engaged in preparing an autobiography, to be entitled *Fifty Years a Soldier*.

—The late James A. McMaster, of the *Freeman's Journal*, was for many years the leading defender and promulgator of the Roman Catholic faith in the American press. His father was a Scotch Presbyterian, and he himself had been graduated from Union College. A quarter of a century ago he had some famous tilts with the distinguished Presbyterian divine Dr. Nicholas Murray, who wrote a series of controversial letters to Archbishop Hughes over the signature of "Kirwan." He was a man of indomitable resolution and unwavering conviction.

—The Goupil Gallery in this city has a new etching with an interesting history. It is Waltner's reproduction of Rembrandt's celebrated painting "The Night Watch." The Paris house paid the etcher $25,000 for his plate, which took him about three years to finish, he meanwhile working from the original picture in the Amsterdam Gallery. Before the plate was completed the owner had sold 50 *remarque* proofs at $625 each, and 200 artist proofs at $320 each—a grand total of $95,250.

—Some distinguished journalists of this city have received flattering invitations to send their photographs to the proprietor of a travelling combination which proposes to give "Illustrations of Journalism" with the stereopticon.

—Nowhere was the illness of Senator Logan watched with more solicitude than in Chicago, which city the distinguished soldier has for many years regarded as his home, although he was necessarily in Washington a great part of the time. General Logan's only daughter married Charles Tucker, son of a well-known Chicagoan, and his son, Manning Logan, has passed much of his life in that city.

—Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, although well toward seventy years old, has the heart and spirit of a boy, and Christmas Day is to him the most notable one of the year. It was celebrated this year in the Governor's mansion at Springfield, the tree loaded with presents for all the members of his family being presided over by the Governor himself, his ruddy face beaming with joy as he distributed gifts to young and old.

—The friends of Joaquin Miller are suggesting that the name of Goat Island in San Francisco Bay should be changed to Miller or Joaquin Island out of regard for the poet's services in securing the observance of Arbor Day.

—Comstock, the discoverer of the rich Comstock Lode, which has made millionaires of a half-dozen Californians and broken-down gamblers of as many thousands, lies buried in the outskirts of Bozeman, Montana Territory. He discovered five of the richest silver mines in Nevada, yet he sold his property for a trifle, and, like most prospectors, he lived a life of exposure and hardship, and died in extreme poverty.

—An effort is being made by several prominent Californians to erect a monument to Commodore Sloat, who raised the American flag at Monterey on July 7, 1846, and thus secured California to the Union. It is proposed to have each county contribute a stone for the pedestal, and to have the monument surmounted by a bronze statue.

—In Hong-Kong recently a little Chinese boy of seven years was sold into bondage, like Joseph of old, by his elder brother, who received $26 as the price of his crime. The British authorities were warned, and the result was that the unnatural brother, with three others who assisted him, will spend ten years in jail.

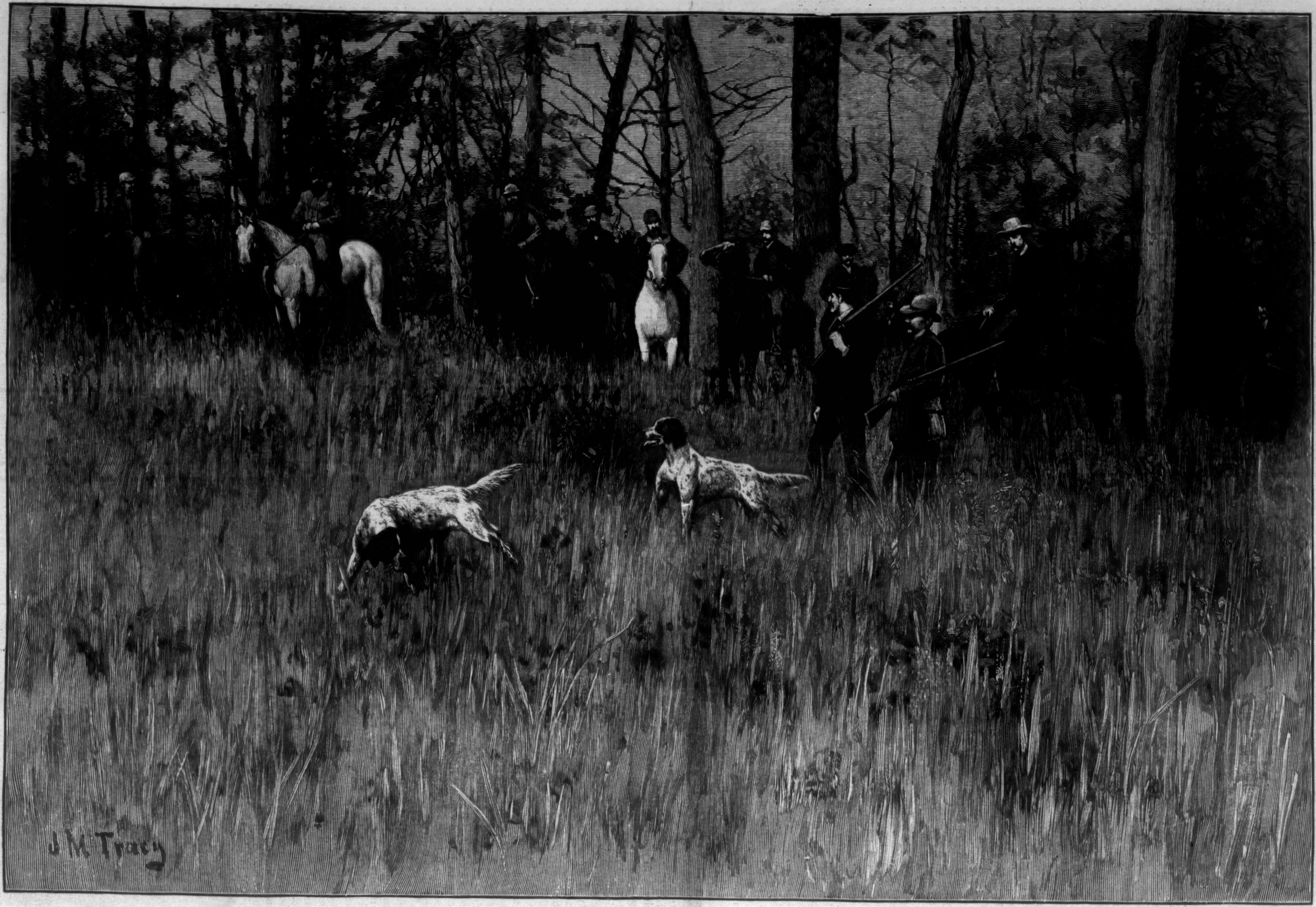
—A young Buddhist priest from Japan has arrived in Ceylon to study Southern Buddhism, which is regarded as the purer system of that faith, which counts so many million believers in Asia.

—One of the few persons on the Pacific coast who take a real interest in the Indian is Mrs. General Bidwell, of Chico, California. Her husband owns one of the largest ranches in California, on which is a Digger Indian village, or *rancheria*. Mrs. Bidwell, ten years ago, opened a school for these Indians, and since then she has taught regularly three hours every day. On Sunday she preaches a simple sermon. So much aptitude for music has been shown by the men that a brass band has been organized, while the women and girls have been taught to sew and to cook. So great is Mrs. Bidwell's influence over these Indians, and so thoroughly has she won their confidence, that they refer all quarrels to her, and abide by her decision.

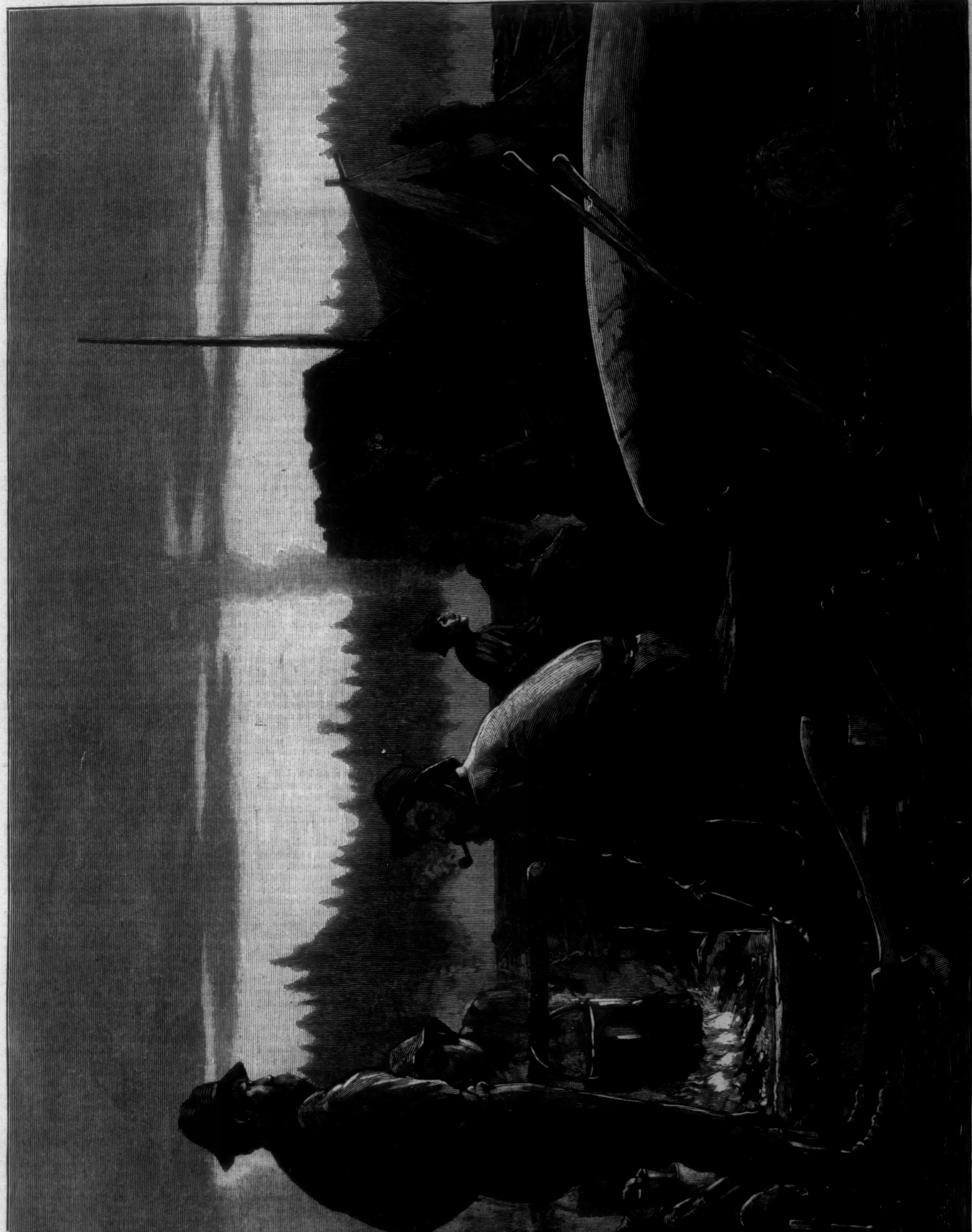
—The Rev. Mr. Harris, a missionary who has just returned from Japan, declared in an address in San Francisco that Christianity had made remarkable progress in the land of the Mikado. He predicted that by the close of this century Japan would accept Christianity as its national faith.

—Mr. P. W. Murphy, one of the cattle-raisers of California, took a party of friends by special train from San José to his large Santa Margarita ranch in San Luis Obispo County. Besides hunting and fishing, there was a barbecue in Spanish style.

—Perhaps the most effective passage in Mr. Henry Woodfen Grady's great speech at the New England dinner was the following: "In my native town of Athens, Georgia, is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain white shaft. Deep-cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered, and for which he gave his life, was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the Omniscient God held the balance of battle in his Almighty hand, and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war."



FIELD TRIALS OF SPORTING DOGS AT HIGH POINT, NORTH CAROLINA.—Drawn by J. M. Tracy from Photographs by James T. Walker.—[See Page 30.]



A LUMBER RAFT.—Drawn by J. Macdonald.—[See Page 27.]

THE CRUSADE OF THE "EXCELSIOR."

(Continued from front page.)

undue and irregular familiarity, now slunk away again.

The passenger was a shrewd, exact, rectangular looking man, who had evidently never entirely succumbed to the freedom of the sea either in his appearance or habits. He had not even his sea-legs yet, and as the bark, with the full swell of the Pacific now on her weather bow, was plunging uncomfortably, he was fain to cling to the stanchions. This did not, however, prevent him from noticing the change in her position, and captiously resenting it.

"Look here—you; I say! What have we turned round for? We're going away from the land! Ain't we going on to Mazatlan?"

The two men at the wheel looked silently forward, with that exasperating unconcern of any landsman's interest peculiar to marine officials. The passenger turned impatiently to the third mate.

"But this ain't right, you know. It was understood that we were going into Mazatlan. I've got business there."

"My orders, sir," said the mate, curtly, turning away.

The practical passenger had been observant enough of sea-going rules to recognize that this reason was final, and that it was equally futile to demand an interview with the captain when that gentleman was not visibly on duty. He turned angrily to the cabin again.

"You look disturbed, my dear Banks. I trust you haven't slept badly?" said a very gentle voice from the quarter-rail near him; "or perhaps the ship's going about has upset you? It's a little rougher on this tack."

"That's just it," returned Banks, sharply. "We *have* gone about, and we're not going into Mazatlan at all. It's scandalous! I'll speak to the captain—I'll complain to the consignees—I've got business at Mazatlan—I expect letters—I—"

"Business, my dear fellow," continued the voice, in gentle protest. "You'll have time for business when you get to San Francisco. And as for letters, they'll follow you there soon enough. Come over here, my boy, and say hail and farewell to the Mexican coast—to the land of Montezuma and Cortez. Come here and see the mountain range from which Balboa feasted his eyes on the broad Pacific. Come!"

The speaker, though apparently more at his ease at sea, was in dress and appearance fully as unnautical as Banks. As he leaned over the railing his white close-fitting trousers and small patent-leather boots gave him a jaunty, half-military air, which continued up to the second button of his black frock-coat, and then so utterly changed its character that it was doubtful if a greater contrast could be conceived than that offered by the widely spread lapels of his coat, his low turned-down collar, loosely knotted silk handkerchief, and the round, smooth-shaven, gentle, pacific face above them. His straight long black hair, shining as if from recent immersion, was tucked carefully behind his ears, and hung in a heavy, even, semicircular fringe around the back of his neck, where his tall hat usually rested, as if to leave his forehead meekly exposed to celestial criticism. When he had joined the ship at Callao, his fellow-passengers, rashly trusting to the momentary suggestion of his legs on the gang-plank, had pronounced him military; meeting him later at dinner, they had regarded the mild Methodistic contour of his breast and shoulders above the table, and entertained the wild idea of asking him to evoke a blessing. To complete the confusion of his appearance, he was called "Señor" Perkins, for no other reason, apparently, than his occasional but masterful use of the Spanish vernacular.

Steadying himself by one of the quarter-stanchions, he waved his right hand oratorically toward the sinking coast. "Look at it, sir. One of the finest countries that ever came from the hand of the Creator—a land overflowing with milk and honey, containing, sir, in that one mountain range the product of the three zones—and yet the home of the oppressed and down-trodden; the land of faction, superstition, tyranny, and political revolution."

"That's all very well," said Banks, irritably; "but Mazatlan is a well-known commercial port, and has English and American correspondents. There's a branch of that Boston firm—Potter, Potts, & Potter—there. The new line of steamers is going to stop there regularly."

Señor Perkins's soft black eyes fell for an instant, as if accidentally, on the third mate, but the next moment he laughed, and throwing back his head, inhaled, with evident relish, a long breath of the sharp, salt air. "Ah!" he said, enthusiastically, "*that's* better than all the business you can pick up along a malarious coast. Open your mouth and try to take in the free breath of the glorious North Pacific. Ah! isn't it glorious?"

"Where's the captain?" said Banks, with despairing irritation. "I want to see him."

"The captain," said Señor Perkins, with a bland, forgiving smile and a slight lowering of his voice, "is, I fear, suffering from an accident of hospitality, and keeps his state-room. The captain is a good fellow," continued Perkins, with gentle thoughtfulness; "a good sailor and careful navigator, and exceedingly attentive to his passengers. I shall certainly propose getting up some testimonial for him."

"But if he's shut up in his state-room, who's giving the orders—" began Banks, angrily.

Señor Perkins put up a small, well-kept hand deprecatingly. "Really, my dear boy, I suppose the captain cannot be omnipresent. Some discretion must be left to the other officers. They probably know his ideas and what is to be done better than we do. You business men trouble yourselves too much about these things. You should take them more philosophically. For my part, I always confide myself trustingly to these people. I enter a ship or railroad car with perfect faith. I say to myself: 'This captain, or this conductor, is a responsible man, selected with a view to my safety and comfort; he understands how to procure that safety and that comfort better than I do. He worries himself; he spends hours and nights of vigil to look after me and carry me to my destination. Why should *I* worry myself, who can only assist him by passive obedience? Why—'" But here he was interrupted by a headlong plunge of the *Excelsior*, a feminine shriek that was half a laugh, the rapid patter of small feet and sweep of flying skirts down the slanting deck, and the sudden and violent contact of a pretty figure.

The next moment he had forgotten his philosophy, and his companion his business. Both flew to the assistance of the fair intruder, who, albeit the least injured of the trio, clung breathlessly to the bulwarks.

"Miss Keene!" ejaculated both gentlemen.

"Oh dear! I beg your pardon," said the young lady, reddening, with a naïve mingling of hilarity and embarrassment. "But it seemed so stuffy in the cabin, and it seemed so easy to get out on deck and pull myself up by the railings, and just as I got up here I all of a sudden seemed to be sliding down the roof of a house."

"And now that you're here, your courage should be rewarded," said the señor, gallantly assisting her to a settee, which he lashed securely. "You are perfectly safe now," he added, holding the end of the rope in his hand to allow a slight sliding movement of the seat as the vessel rolled. "And here is a glorious spectacle for you. Look! the sun is just rising."

The young girl glanced over the vast expanse before her with sparkling eyes and a suddenly awakened fancy that checked her embarrassed smile, and fixed her pretty, parted lips with wonder. The level rays of the rising sun striking the white crests of the lifted waves had suffused the whole ocean with a pinkish opal color; the darker parts of each wave seemed broken into facets instead of curves, and glittered sharply. The sea seemed to have lost its fluidity, and become vitreous—so much so that it was difficult to believe that the waves which splintered across the *Excelsior's* bow did not fall upon her deck with the ring of shattered glass.

"Sindbad's Valley of Diamonds!" said the young girl, in an awed whisper.

"It's a cross sea in the Gulf of California, so the mate says," said Banks, practically, "but I don't see why we—"

"The Gulf of California?" repeated the young girl, while a slight shade of disappointment passed over her bright face; "are we then so near—"

"Not the California you mean, my dear young lady," broke in Señor Perkins, "but the old peninsula of California, which is still a part of Mexico. It terminates in Cape St. Lucas, a hundred miles from here, but it's still a far cry to San Francisco, which is in Upper California. But I fancy you don't seem as anxious as our friend Mr. Banks to get to your journey's end," he added, with paternal blandness.

The look of relief which had passed over Miss Keene's truthful face gave way to one of slight embarrassment. "It hasn't seemed long," she said, hastily. And then added, as if to turn the conversation: "What is this peninsula? I remember it on our map at school."

"It's not of much account," interrupted Banks, positively. "There ain't a place on it you ever heard of. It's a kind of wilderness."

"I differ from you," said Señor Perkins, gravely. "There are, I have been told, some old Mexican settlements along the coast, and there is no reason why the country shouldn't be fruitful. But you may have a chance to judge for yourself," he continued, beamingly. "Since we are not going into Mazatlan, we may drop in at some of those places for water. It's all on our way, and we shall save the three days we would have lost had we touched Mazatlan. That," he added, answering an impatient interrogation in Banks's eye, "at least, is the captain's idea, I reckon." He laughed, and went on, still gayly: "But what's the use of anticipating? Why should we spoil any little surprise that our gallant captain may have in store for us? I've been trying to convert this business man to my easy philosophy, Miss Keene, but he is incorrigible; he is actually lamenting his lost chance of hearing the latest news at Mazatlan, and getting the latest market quotations, instead of offering a thanksgiving for another uninterrupted day of freedom in this glorious air."

With a half-humorous extravagance he unloosed his already loose necktie, turned his Byron collar still lower, and squared his shoulders ostentatiously to the sea-breeze. Accustomed as his two companions were to his habitually extravagant speech, it did not at that moment seem inconsistent with the intoxicating morning air and the exhilaration of sky and wave. A breath of awakening and resurrection moved over the face of the waters; recreation and new-born life sparkled everywhere, the past night seemed forever buried in the vast and exundating sea. The reefs had been shaken out, and every sail set to catch the steadier breeze of the day, and as the quickening sun shone upon the dazzling canvas that seemed to envelop them, they felt as if wrapped in the purity of a baptismal robe.

Nevertheless, Miss Keene's eyes occasionally wandered from the charming prospect toward the companion-ladder. Presently she became ominously and ostentatiously interested in the view again, and at the same moment a young man's head and shoulders appeared above the companion-way. With a bound he was on the slanting deck, moving with the agility and adaptability of youth, and approached the group. He was quite surprised to find Miss Keene there so early, and Miss Keene was equally surprised at his appearance, notwithstanding the phenomenon had occurred with singular regularity for the last three weeks. The two spectators of this gentle comedy received it, as they had often received it before, with a mixture of vague astonishment and patronizing unconsciousness, and after a decent interval moved away together, leaving the young people alone.

The hesitancy and awkwardness which usually followed the first moments of their charming isolation were this morning more than usually prolonged.

"It seems we are not going into Mazatlan, after all," said Miss Keene at last, without lifting her conscious eyes from the sea.

"No," returned the young fellow, quickly. "I heard all about it down below, and we had quite an indignation meeting over it. I believe Mrs. Markham wanted to head a deputation to wait upon the captain in his berth. It seems that the first officer, or whosoever is running the ship, has concluded we've lost too much time already, and we're going to strike a bee-line for Cape St. Lucas, and give Mazatlan the go-by. We'll save four days by it. I suppose it don't make any difference to you, Miss Keene, does it?"

"I? Oh no!" said the young girl, hastily.

"*I'm* rather sorry," he said, hesitatingly.

"Indeed. Are you tired of the ship?" she asked, saucily.

"No," he replied, bluntly; "but it would have given us four more days together—four more days before we separated."

He stopped, with a heightened color. There was a moment of silence, and the voices of Señor Perkins and Mr. Banks in political discussion on the other side of the deck came faintly. Miss Keene laughed. "We are a long way from San Francisco yet, and you may think differently."

"Never!" he said, impulsively.

He had drawn closer to her, as if to emphasize his speech. She cast a quick glance across the deck toward the two disputants, and drew herself gently away. "Do you know," she said, suddenly, with a charming smile which robbed the act of its sting, "I sometimes wonder if I am *really* going to San Francisco. I don't know how it is, but somehow I never can *see* myself there."

"I wish you did, for *I'm* going there," he replied, boldly.

Without appearing to notice the significance of his speech, she continued, gravely: "I have been so strongly impressed with this feeling at times that it makes me quite superstitious. When we had that terrible storm after we left Callao, I thought it meant that—that we were all going down, and we should never be heard of again."

"As long as we all went together," he said, "I don't know that it would be the worst thing that could happen. I remember that storm, Miss Keene. And I remember—" He stopped, timidly.

"What?" she replied, raising her smiling eyes for the first time to his earnest face.

"I remember sitting up all night near your state-room, with a cork jacket and lots of things I'd fixed up for you, and thinking I'd die before I trusted you alone in the boat to those rascally Lascars of the crew."

"But how would you have prevented it?" asked Miss Keene, with a compassionate and half-maternal amusement.

"I don't know exactly," he said, coloring; "but I'd have lashed you to some spar, or made a raft, and got you ashore on some island."

"And poor Mrs. Markham and Mrs. Brimmer—you'd have left them to the boats and the Lascars, I suppose?" smiled Miss Keene.

"Oh, somebody would have looked after Mrs. Markham; and Mrs. Brimmer wouldn't have gone with anybody that wasn't well connected. But what's the use of talking?" he added, ruefully. "Nothing has happened, and nothing is going to happen. You will see yourself in San Francisco, even if you don't see *me* there. You're going to a rich brother, Miss Keene, who has friends of his own, and who won't care to know a poor fellow whom you tolerated on the passage, but who don't move in Mrs. Brimmer's set, and whom Mr. Banks wouldn't endorse commercially."

"Ah, you don't know my brother, Mr. Brace."

"Nor do you, very well, Miss Keene. You were saying, only last night, you hardly remembered him."

The young girl sighed. "I was very young when he went West," she said, explanatorily; "but I dare say I shall recall him. What I meant is that he will be very glad to know that I have been so happy here, and he will like all those who have made me so."

"Then you have been happy?"

"Yes, very." She had withdrawn her eyes, and was looking vaguely toward the companion-way. "Everybody has been so kind to me."

"And you are grateful to all?"

"Yes."

"Equally?"

The ship gave a sudden forward plunge. Miss Keene involuntarily clutched the air with her little hand, that had been resting on the settee between them, and the young man caught it in his own.

"Equally?" he repeated, with an assumed playfulness that half veiled his anxiety. "Equally—from the beaming Señor Perkins, who smiles on all, to the gloomy Mr. Hurlstone, who smiles on no one?"

She quickly withdrew her hand and rose. "I smell the breakfast," she said, laughingly. "Don't be horrified, Mr. Brace, but I'm very hungry." She laid the hand she had withdrawn lightly on his arm. "Now help me down to the cabin."

CHAPTER II.

THE saloon of the *Excelsior* was spacious for the size of the vessel, and was furnished in a style superior to most passenger ships of that epoch. The sun was shining through the sliding windows upon the fresh and neatly arranged breakfast table, but the presence of the ominous "storm-racks" and partitions for glass and china, and the absence of the more delicate passengers, still testified to the potency of the Gulf of California. Even those present wore an air of fatigued discontent, and the conversation had that jerky, interjectional quality which belonged to people with a common grievance, but a different individual experience. Mr. Winslow had been unable to shave; Mrs. Markham, incautiously and surreptitiously opening a port-hole in her state-room for a whiff of fresh air while dressing, had been shocked by the intrusion of the Pacific Ocean, and was obliged to summon assistance and change her dress. Jack Crosby, who had attired himself for tropical shore-going in white ducks and patent-leathers, shivered in the keen northwest Trades, and bewailed the cheap cigars he had expected to buy at Mazatlan. The entrance of Miss Keene, who seemed to bring with her the freshness and purity of the dazzling outer air, stirred the younger men into some gallant attention, embarrassed, however, by a sense of self-reproach.

Señor Perkins alone retained his normal serenity. Already seated at the table between the two fair-haired children of Mrs. Brimmer, he was benevolently performing parental duties in her absence, and gently supervising and preparing their victuals even while he carried on an ethnological and political discussion with Mrs. Markham.

"Ah, my dear lady," continued the señor, as he spread a hot biscuit with butter and currant-jelly for the youngest Miss Brimmer, "I am afraid that, with the fastidiousness of your sex, you allow your refined instincts against a race who only mix with ours in a menial capacity to prejudice your views of their ability for enlightened self-government. That may be true of the aborigines of the Old World—like our friends the Lascars among the crew—"

"They're so snaky, dark, and deceitful-looking!" interrupted Mrs. Markham.

"I might differ from you there, and say that the higher blond types like the Anglo-Saxon—to say nothing of the wily Greeks—were the deceitful races; it might be difficult for any of us to say what a sly and deceitful man should be like—"

"Oor not detheitful—oor a dood man," interpolated the youngest Miss Brimmer, fondly regarding the biscuit.

"Thank you, missy," beamed the señor; "but to return: our Lascar friends, Mrs. Markham, belong to an earlier Asiatic type of civilization already decayed or relapsed to barbarism, while the aborigines of the New World now existing have never known it, or, like the Aztecs, have perished with it. The modern North American aborigine has not yet got beyond the tribal condition; mingled with Caucasian blood as he is in Mexico and Central America, he is perfectly capable of self-government."

"Then why has he never obtained it?" asked Mrs. Markham.

"He has always been oppressed and kept down by colonists of the Latin races; he has been little better than a slave to his oppressor for the last two centuries," said Señor Perkins, with a slight darkening of his soft eyes.

"Injins is pizon," whispered Mr. Winslow to Miss Keene.

"Who would be free, you know, the poet says, ought themselves to light out from the shoulder, and all that sort of thing," suggested Crosby, with cheerful vagueness.

"True; but a little assistance and encouragement from mankind generally would help them," continued the señor. "Ah, my dear Mrs. Markham, if they could even count on the intelligent sympathy of women like yourself, their independence would be assured. And think what a proud privilege to have contributed to such a result, to have assisted at the birth of the ideal American republic, for such it would be—a republic of one blood, one faith, one history."

"What on earth or sea ever set the old man off again?" inquired Crosby, in an aggrieved whisper. "It's two weeks since he's given us any Central American independent flapdoodle—long enough for those nigger-Injins to have had half a dozen revolutions. You know that the vessels that put into San Juan have saluted one flag in the morning, and have been fired at under another in the afternoon."

"Hush!" said Miss Keene. "He's so kind! Look at him now, taking off the pinafores of those children and tidying them. He is kinder to them than their nurse, and more judicious than their mother. And half his talk with Mrs. Markham now is only to please her, because she thinks she knows politics. He's always trying to do good to somebody."

"That's so," exclaimed Brace, eager to share Miss Keene's sentiments; "and he's so good to those outlandish niggers in the crew! I don't see how the captain could get on with the crew without him; he's the only one who can talk their gibberish and keep them quiet. I've seen him myself quietly drop down among them when they were wrangling. In my opinion," continued the young fellow, lowering his voice somewhat ostentatiously, "you'll find out when we get to port that he's stopped the beginning of many a mutiny among them."

"I reckon they'd make short work of a man like him," said Winslow, whose superciliousness was by no means lessened by the community of sentiment between Miss Keene and Brace. "I reckon his political reforms and his poetical high-falutin' wouldn't go as far in the forecastle among live men as it does in the cabin with a lot of women. You'll more likely find that he's been some sort of steward on a steamer, and he's working his passage with us. That's where he gets that smooth, equally-attentive-to-anybody sort of style. The way he skirmished around Mrs. Brimmer and

Mrs. Markham with a basin the other day when it was so rough convinced *me*. It was a little too professional to suit my style."

"I suppose that was the reason why you went below so suddenly," rejoined Brace, whose too sensitive blood was beginning to burn in his cheeks and eyes.

"It's a shame to stay below this morning," said Miss Keene, instinctively recognizing the cause of the discord and its remedy. "I'm going on deck again—if I can manage to get there."

The three gentlemen sprang to accompany her; and in their efforts to keep their physical balance and hers equally, the social equilibrium was restored.

By noon, however, the heavy cross sea had abated, and the *Excelsior* bore west. When she once more rose and fell regularly on the long rhythmical swell of the Pacific, most of the passengers regained the deck. Even Mrs. Brimmer and Miss Chubb ventured from their state-rooms, and were conveyed to and installed in some state on a temporary divan of cushions and shawls on the lee side. For even in this small republic of equal cabin passengers the undemocratic and distinction-loving sex had managed to create a sham exclusiveness. Mrs. Brimmer, as the daughter of a rich Bostonian, the sister of a prominent lawyer, and the wife of a successful San Francisco merchant, who was popularly supposed to be part owner of the *Excelsior*, was recognized, and alternately caressed and hated, as their superior. A majority of the male passengers, owning no actual or prospective matrimonial subjection to those charming toad-eaters, I am afraid continued to enjoy a mild and debasing equality among themselves, mitigated only by the concessions of occasional gallantry. To them Mrs. Brimmer was a rather pretty, refined, well-dressed woman, whose languid pallor, aristocratic spareness, and utter fastidiousness did not, however, preclude a certain nervous intensity which occasionally lit up her weary eyes with a dangerous phosphorescence under their brown fringes. Equally acceptable was Miss Chubb, her friend and travelling companion, a tall, well-bred girl, with faint salmon pink hair and complexion, that darkened to a fiery brown in her short-sighted eyes.

Between these ladies and Mrs. Markham and Miss Keene existed an enthusiastic tolerance, which, however, could never be mistaken for a generous rivalry. Of the greater popularity of Miss Keene as the recognized belle of the *Excelsior* there could be no question; nor was there any from Mrs. Brimmer and her friend. The intellectual pre-eminence of Mrs. Markham was equally, and no less ostentatiously, granted. "Mrs. Markham is so clever; I delight to hear you converse together," Mrs. Brimmer would say to Señor Perkins; "though I'm sure I hardly dare talk to her myself. She might easily go into the lecture field—perhaps she expects to do so in California. My dear Clarissa"—to Miss Chubb—"don't she remind you a little of Aunt Jane Winthrop's governess, whom we came so near taking to Paris with us, but couldn't on account of her defective French?"

When *The Excelsior Banner and South-sea Bubble* was published in latitude 15 N. and longitude 105 W., to which Mrs. Markham contributed the editorials and essays, and Señor Perkins three columns of sentimental poetry, Mrs. Brimmer did not withhold her praise of the fair editor. When the *Excelsior* "Recrossed the Line," with a suitable *tableau vivant* and pageant, and Miss Keene as California, in white and blue, welcomed from the hands of Neptune (Señor Perkins) and Amphitrite (Mrs. Markham) her fair sisters Massachusetts (Mrs. Brimmer) and New York (Miss Chubb), Mrs. Brimmer was most enthusiastic of the beauty of Miss Keene.

On the present morning Mr. Banks found his disappointment at not going into Mazatlan languidly shared by Mrs. Brimmer. That lady even made a place for him on the cushions beside her, as she pensively expressed her belief that her husband would be still more disappointed. "Mr. Brimmer, you know, has correspondents at Mazatlan, and no doubt he has made particular arrangements for our reception and entertainment while there. I should not wonder if he was very indignant. And if, as I fear, the officials of the place, knowing Mr. Brimmer's position—and my own connections—have prepared to show us social courtesies, it may be a graver affair. I shouldn't be surprised if our government were obliged to take notice of it. There is a Captain-General of the port—isn't there? I think my husband spoke of him."

"Oh, he's probably been shot long ago," broke in Mr. Crosby, cheerfully. "They put in a new man every revolution. If the wrong party's got in, they've likely shipped your husband's correspondent too, and might be waiting to get a reception for you with nigger soldiers and ball-cartridges. Shouldn't wonder if the skipper got wind of something of the kind, and that's why he didn't put in. If your husband hadn't been so well known, you see, we might have slipped in all right."

Mrs. Brimmer received this speech with the languid obliviousness of perception she usually meted out to this chartered jester.

"Do you really think so, Mr. Crosby? and would you have been afraid to leave your cabin? or are you joking? You know I never know when you are. It is very dreadful, either way."

But here Miss Chubb, with ready tact, interrupted any possible retort from Mr. Crosby "Look," she said, pointing to some of the other passengers, who, at a little distance, had grouped about the first mate in animated discussion. "I wonder what those gentle menare so interested about? Do go and see."

Before he could reply, Mr. Winslow, detaching himself from the group, hurried toward them. "Here's a row: Hurlstone is missing. Can't be found anywhere. They think he's fallen overboard!"

The two frightened exclamations from Miss Chubb and Mrs. Brimmer diverted attention from the sudden paleness of Miss Keene, who had impulsively approached them. "Impossible!" she said, hurriedly.

"I fear it is so," said Brace, who had followed Winslow; "although," he added, in a lower tone, with an angry glance at the latter, "that brute need not have blustered it out to frighten everybody. They're searching the ship again, but there seems no hope. He hasn't been seen since last night. He was supposed to be in his state-room, but as nobody missed him—you know how odd and reserved he was—it was only when the steward couldn't find him, and began to inquire, that everybody remembered they hadn't seen him all day. You are frightened, Miss Keene; pray sit down. That fellow Winslow ought to have had more sense."

"It seems so horrible that nobody knew it," said the young girl, shuddering; "that we sat here laughing and talking, while perhaps he was—Good heavens! what's that?"

A gruff order had been given; in the bustle that ensued the ship began to fall off to leeward; a number of the crew had sprung to the davits of the quarter-boat.

"We're going about, and they're lowering a boat, that's all; but it's as good as hopeless," said Brace. "The accident must have happened before daylight, or it would have been seen by the watch. It was probably long before we came on deck," he added, gently; "so comfort yourself, Miss Keene; you could have seen nothing."

"It seems so dreadful," murmured the young girl, "that he wasn't even missed. Why," she said, suddenly raising her soft eyes to Brace, "*you* must have noticed his absence. Why, even I—" She stopped, with a slight confusion, that was, however, luckily diverted by the irrepressible Winslow.

"The skipper's been routed out at last, and is giving orders. He don't look as if his hat fitted him any too comfortably this morning, does he?" he laughed, as a stout, grizzled man, with congested face and eyes, and a peremptory voice, husky with alcoholic irritation, suddenly appeared among the group by the wheel. "I reckon he's cursing his luck at having to heave to and lose this wind."

"But for a human creature's life!" exclaimed Mrs. Markham, in horror.

"That's just it. Laying to, now, ain't going to save anybody's life, and he knows it. He's doin' it for show, just for a clean record in the log, and to satisfy you people here, who'd kick up a row if he didn't."

"Then you believe he's lost?" said Miss Keene, with glistening eyes.

"There ain't a doubt of it," returned Winslow, shortly.

"I don't agree with you," said a gentle voice.

They turned quickly toward the benevolent face of Señor Perkins, who had just joined them.

"I differ from my young friend," continued the señor, courteously, "because the accident must have happened at about daybreak, when we were close inshore. It would not be impossible for a good swimmer to reach the land, or even," continued Señor Perkins, in answer to the ray of hope that gleamed in Miss Keene's soft eyes, "for him to have been picked up by some passing vessel. The smoke of a large steamer was sighted between us and the land at about that time."

"A steamer!" ejaculated Banks, eagerly; "that was one of the new line, with the mails. How provoking!"

He was thinking of his lost letters. Miss Keene turned, heart-sick, away. Worse than the ghastly interruption to their easy idyllic life was this grim revelation of selfishness. She began to doubt if even the hysterical excitement of her sister passengers was not merely a pleasant titillation of their bored and inactive nerves.

"I believe the señor is right, Miss Keene," said Brace, taking her aside, "and I'll tell you why." He stopped, looked around him, and went on, in lower voice: "There are some circumstances about the affair which look more like deliberation than an accident. He has left nothing behind him of any value or that gives any clew. If it was a suicide, he would have left some letter behind for somebody—people always do, you know, at such times—and he would have chosen the open sea. It seems more probable that he threw himself overboard with the intention of reaching the shore."

"But why should he want to leave the ship?" echoed the young girl, simply.

"Perhaps he found out that we were *not* going to Mazatlan, and this was his only chance; it must have happened just as the ship went about and stood off from shore again."

"But I don't understand," continued Miss Keene, with a pretty knitting of her brows, "why he should be so dreadfully anxious to get ashore now."

The young fellow looked at her with the superior smile of youthful sagacity. "Suppose he had particular reasons for not going to San Francisco, where our laws could reach him? Suppose he had committed some offence? Suppose he was afraid of being questioned or recognized?"

The young girl rose, indignantly. "This is really too shameful! Who dare talk like that?"

Brace colored quickly. "Who? Why, everybody," he stammered, for a moment abandoning his attitude of individual acumen. "It's the talk of the ship."

"Is it? And before they know whether he's alive or dead — perhaps even while he is still struggling with death—all they can do is to take his character away!" she repeated, with flashing eyes.

"And I'm even worse than they are," he returned, his temper rising with his color. "I ought to have known I was talking to one of *his* friends, instead of one who I thought was *mine*. I beg your pardon." He turned away, as Miss Keene, apparently not heeding his pique, crossed the deck, and entered into conversation with Mrs. Markham.

It is to be feared that she found little consolation among the other passengers, or even those of her own sex, whom this profound event had united in a certain freemasonry of sympathy and interest, to the exclusion of their former cliques. She soon learned, as the return of the boats to the ship and the ship to her course might have clearly told her, that there was no chance of recovering the missing passenger. She learned that the theory advanced by Brace was the one generally held by them, but with an added romance of detail that excited at once their commiseration and admiration. Mrs. Brimmer remembered to have heard him, the second or third night out from Callao, groaning in his state-room; but having mistakenly referred the emotion to ordinary sea-sickness, she had no doubt lost an opportunity for confidential disclosure. "I am sure," she added, "that had somebody as resolute and practical as you, dear Mrs. Markham, approached him the next day, he would have revealed his sorrow." Miss Chubb was quite certain that she had seen him one night in tears by the quarter-railing. "I saw his eyes glistening under his slouched hat as I passed. I remember thinking at the time that he oughtn't to have been left alone with such a dreadful temptation before him to slip overboard and end his sorrow or his crime." Mrs. Markham also remembered that it was about five o'clock—or was it six?—that morning when she distinctly thought she had heard a splash, and she was almost impelled to get up and look out of the bull's-eye. She should never forgive herself for resisting that impulse, for she was positive now that she would have seen his ghastly face in the water. Some indignation was felt that the captain, after a cursory survey of his state-room, had ordered it to be locked until his fate was more positively known, and the usual seals placed on his effects for their delivery to the authorities at San Francisco. It was believed that some clew to his secret would be found among his personal chattels, if only in the form of a keepsake, a locket, or a bit of jewelry. Miss Chubb had noticed that he wore a seal ring, but not on the engagement finger. In some vague feminine way it was admitted without discussion that one of their own sex was mixed up in the affair, and, with the exception of Miss Keene, general credence was given to the theory that Mazatlan contained his loadstar—the fatal partner and accomplice of his crime, the siren that allured him to his watery grave. I regret to say that the facts gathered by the gentlemen were equally ineffective. The steward who had attended the missing man was obliged to confess that their most protracted and confidential conversation had been on the comparative efficiency of ship biscuits and soda crackers. Mr. Banks, who was known to have spoken to him, could only remember that one warm evening, in reply to a casual remark about the weather, the missing man, burying his ears further in the turned-up collar of his pea-jacket, had stated, "'It was cold enough to freeze the ears off a brass monkey'—a remark, no doubt, sir, intended to convey a reason for his hiding his own." Only Señor Perkins retained his serene optimism unimpaired. "Take my word for it, we shall yet hear good news of our missing friend. Let us at least believe it until we know otherwise. Ah! my dear Mrs. Markham, why should the Unknown always fill us with apprehension? Its surprises are equally often agreeable."

"But we have all been so happy before this; and this seems such an unnecessary and cruel awakening," said Miss Keene, lifting her sad eyes to the speaker, "that I can't help thinking it's the beginning of the end. Good heavens! what's that?"

She had started at the dark figure of one of the foreign-looking sailors, who seemed to have suddenly risen out of the deck beside them.

"The Señor Perkins," he said, with an apologetic gesture of his hand to his hatless head.

"You want *me*, my good man?" asked Señor Perkins, paternally.

"Si, señor; the mate wishes to see the Patrone," he said, in Spanish.

"I will come presently."

The sailor hesitated. Señor Perkins took a step nearer to him benignantly. The man raised his eyes to Señor Perkins, and said, "Vigilancia."

"Bueno!" returned the señor, gently. "Excuse me, ladies, for a moment."

"Perhaps it is some news of poor Mr. Hurlstone?" said Miss Keene, with an instinctive girlish movement of hope.

"Who knows?" returned Señor Perkins, waving his hand as he gayly tripped after his guide. "Let us believe in the best, dear young lady—the best."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHILDERMAS.

INNOCENTS DAY, or Childermas, has been consecrated in the calendar of the Church of England to the memory of the multitude of children put to death by Herod the Great "in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof." In that calendar are many feast and fast days devoted to the commemoration of holy men and unholy acts, but among them all the Church has few that command at once so universal a reverence as this which annually invokes the sympathy of the Christian world for the infants cruelly and uselessly massacred by the King of Judea. Great that monarch undoubtedly was, but greatest of all in his crimes. Discontented with the Sanhedrim, he killed the whole body; suspicious of his family, he murdered his wife and sons; and enraged at his own approaching death, he planned the simultaneous assassination of all the chief men of the Jews. His single murders were sufficiently atrocious, but his massacres have made him illustrious in the history of crime, just as the splendor of his military and civil administration and his stupendous architectural achievements won for him even the homage of superb Rome and the personal admiration of Augustus Cæsar. Yet had it not been for one crime more, the crowning infamy of a career as magnificent in its public benefits as colossal in its private atrocities—the crime of the murder of the children of Bethlehem—Herod the Great might have passed down to posterity undistinguished, and only as one among many of the rulers of the old world who recognized no horizon in their projects and undertakings, and were grand in everything they did. But the light of those torches by which Herod's soldiers sought out the little ones in Bethlehem "and in all the coasts thereof" flashes so hideous a glare upon that single night's work almost nineteen hundred years ago that the whole scene stands out, vivid in men's sight to this hour.

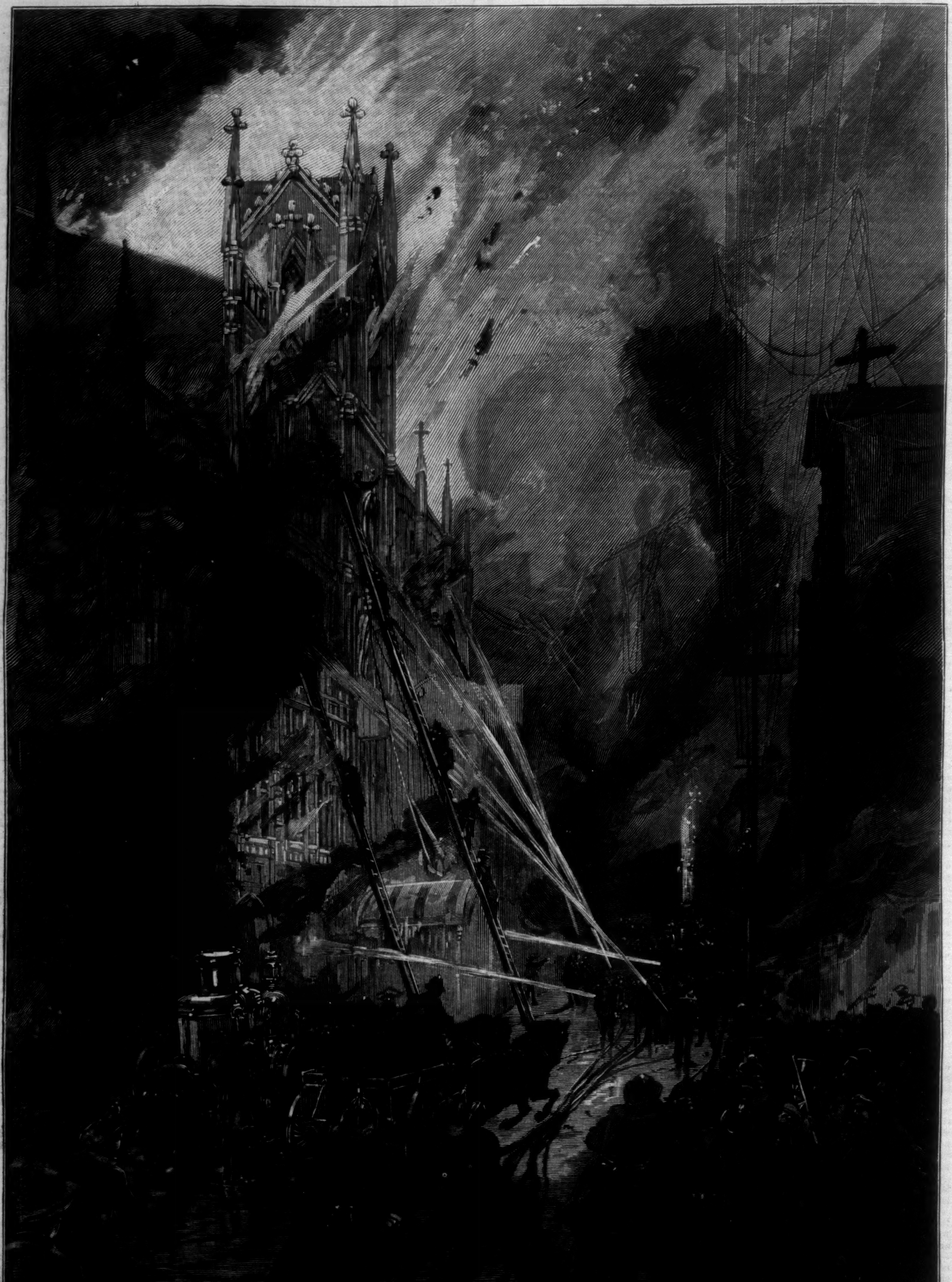
"From two years old and under," was the cruel limitation of age, so that his soldiers' swords were really turned against the tiny beings whom mothers were still carrying in their arms, the toddling inarticulate mites that were the playthings of every household—all the baby-folk of Bethlehem. When in Egypt the angel struck down the first-born in every house, the same voice of "weeping and great mourning" went up from the length and breadth of Pharaoh's kingdom, but the very age of the victims in this terrible expression of Divine anger robs the scene of something of its pathos, and we cannot forget that it was the family pride rather than the family affection which was thus stricken through the death of the oldest members of each. We remember the half-sacred character of "the *first-born*" in the East, and lose sight, therefore, in a way, of the fact that he might also have been the best-beloved child. But, after all, human sympathy always goes out most readily to the infant, and the cry of old Jacob when he heard that his youngest-born, his Benjamin, was in danger, thrills still through human hearts with a most pathetic significance; and if to-night the soldiers of another Herod were let loose upon our households, it would be round her latest-born, "the baby" of the family, that the mother's arms would be closed in fondest agony. Children in distress can at all times engage the sympathy of their elders, and if they are still in helpless babyhood—"from two years old and under"—they can positively command it. Every good instinct of our nature is aroused to befriend, and if necessary shield from harm, the tiny creatures who keep spring always with us, and whose influence we all recognize as "a link among the days to knit the generations each to each."

Out of the multitude of recognitions which this fact has received I might select a volume with ease. But let me rather cite a trivial but pretty incident of city life which came under my own eye walking in the street one day. A young mother, passing down a busy thoroughfare, met a friend, and the two girls—for they were little more—at once began to talk of the baby which the first was carrying. Proud of its powers, the mother put her child down in the middle of the pavement, and then the two women, stepping back a pace, coaxed it to walk to them. All the passers-by stopped, looking over the girls' shoulders, to watch the wonderful achievement, and in a great public street, at noon on a working-day, a crowd soon gathers. Behind the mother and her friend, therefore, the stream of passengers rapidly thickened, the crowd became almost a mob, vehicles could not come out from the side streets, and right up to the farthest corner of the broad thoroughfare there was a block on the footway. And why? All because a dot of a thing dressed in blue was walking to its mother! Meanwhile the all-important infant, unconscious that it had laid its little finger upon the mighty heart of a populous capital, or arrested the pulsing traffic of a great trade artery, had raised itself fairly erect upon two crumpling stockinged feet, and gathering up all its courage to the effort, tottered forward a few inches, and fell with a cry of pleasure into its mother's arms. A loud murmur of applause broke out all at once from the by-standers, and the mother and her friend, turning suddenly in alarm, found to their consternation the whole road crowded up behind them, and, what they had not noticed in their intentness upon the child, that the baby had held an entire street against all comers for at least three minutes. A regiment of grown-up men could not have done more.

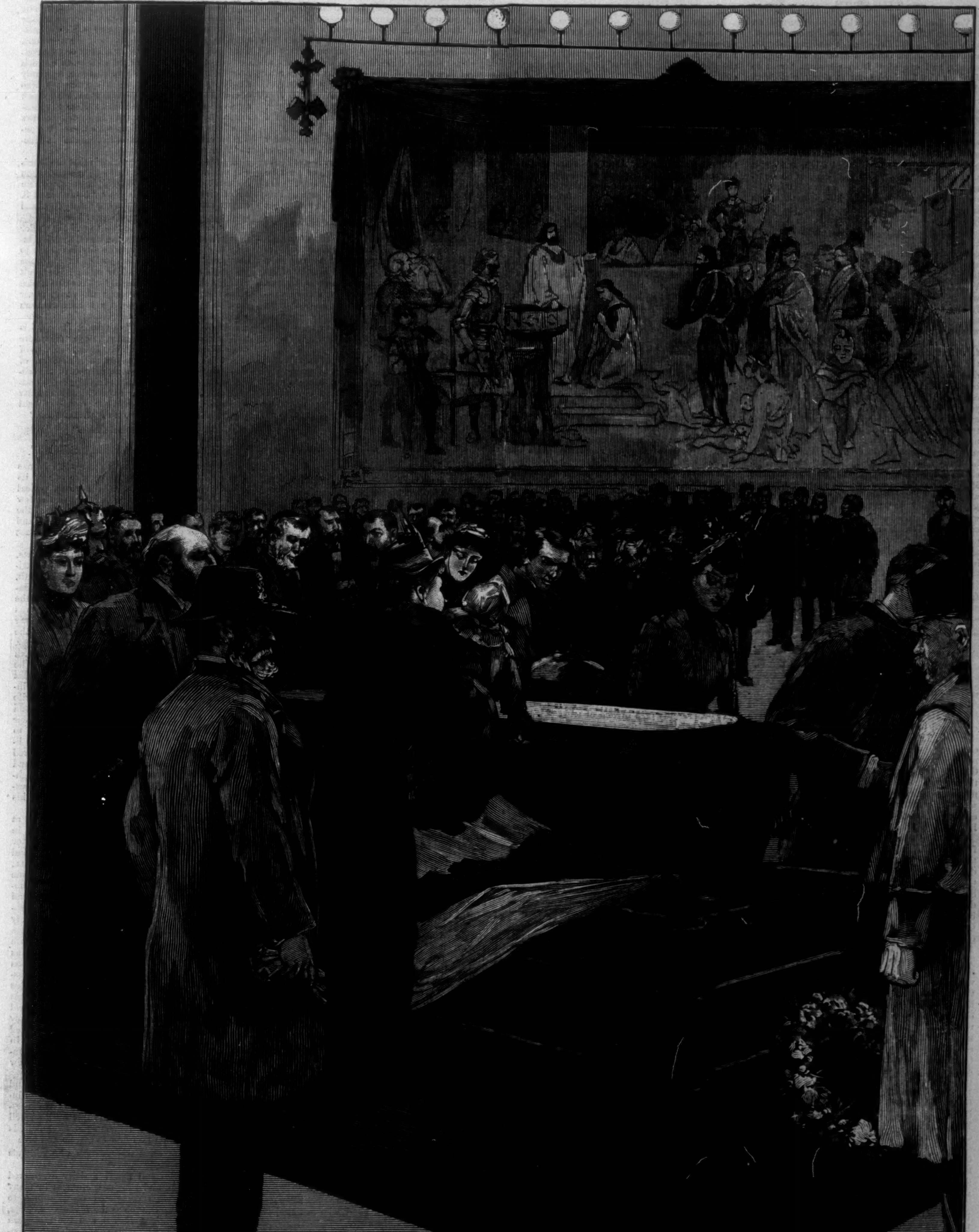
Childermas has been for centuries an unlucky day throughout Europe. Two kings, Louis XI. and Edward IV., refused to be crowned on it, and a British fleet delayed its departure from port to let so ill-omened a day go by. To this day, in rural England, the people set it apart as a day on which no work shall be commenced or bargain struck.

When death claims little children the sadness of the event seems infinitely deepened simply by the strong association of childhood with the spring of existence. The little feet that have barely passed the threshold of life seem to us to take a step out of harmony with nature when they totter over the brink of the grave, and sorrow for the baby life cut short is made more sorrowful by the instant remembrance of the mother left behind to grieve, and by the involuntary thought that glances from the grave to the empty cradle. The evangelist, therefore, when he would at one stroke bring the full measure of Herod's cruelty before his readers, turns at once from the ghastly scene itself to its instant sequel—the breaking hearts of the mothers. "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."

PHIL ROBINSON.



BURNING OF THE TEMPLE THEATRE AT PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 27.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 26.]



THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL LOGAN—THE LYING IN STATE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.—Drawn by Charles Graham and W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 26.]

BURNING OF THE TEMPLE THEATRE.

The Temple Theatre, which was burned on December 27, was called the handsomest place of amusement in Philadelphia. It was situated midway in the block between Seventh and Eighth streets, and extended from Chestnut Street to Jayne. The fire broke out at eleven o'clock in the morning. It ran from basement to roof through the elevator shaft, and was soon raging with great fury. So rapid was the spread of the flames that a number of persons who were in the building barely managed to escape. The inside brick partition walls began to fall about one o'clock. With each plunge of these heavy pieces of masonry the flames leaped high, and great masses of sparks were sent skyward to be showered down over a wide area. Many fell upon the roof of Independence Hall, but prompt action saved that venerable edifice from damage. Shortly after two o'clock several firemen ran a line of hose through an adjoining store, and broke down an iron door opening into the theatre. As the door was driven from its fastenings, the floor above came crashing down without warning, burying three of the firemen—Hugh Colgan, William Gibson, and Robert Johnson. Colgan was promptly rescued; he was seriously but not fatally hurt. The others were killed, and it was not until many hours afterward that their bodies were recovered.

The Temple Theatre was so named from the fact that it had been a Masonic temple. It was the third of the Masonic temples built in Philadelphia. The first was built in 1811, and was burned in 1819. The second, which was dedicated in 1820, was sold in 1835, and for several years was one of the principal places of amusement in the city. In 1841 the property was transferred back to the Masons, who erected upon the ground a third temple—the one which was burned on the 27th of December last. This building was dedicated in 1855. Its cost, including the furnishings, was $183,000. The Masons occupied it for thirteen years, when they went into their present quarters at Broad and Filbert streets. In 1876 the abandoned temple was turned into a hotel, and in 1885 it was turned into the Temple Theatre, the opening taking place on September 14 of that year. The auditorium of the new theatre was one of the largest in the country. It seated 3300 people, and afforded ample space for their comfort and safety. Its decoration was richly elaborate. The theatre front, on Chestnut Street, was handsome and imposing. Mr. William M. Singerly, the proprietor of the theatre, paid $225,000 for the building and ground, and spent $175,000 in alterations.

SENATOR LOGAN'S FUNERAL.

The body of Senator John A. Logan was removed to the Capitol at Washington on Thursday, December 30, under the dome of which it lay in state until the public funeral services were conducted in the Senate-Chamber on the following day. The coffin was placed on the same bier on which the coffins of Abraham Lincoln, Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Sumner, and James A. Garfield had lain. During the afternoon and the night, except the early hours of the following morning and during the forenoon of Friday, there was a constant stream of people passing to take a last look at the dead Senator's familiar face. His features bore no trace of suffering.

Soon after noon on Friday the body was borne from the Rotunda to the Senate-Chamber, where the funeral service was read and an oration was delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman. The Chamber was occupied by the members of the Senate and the House, the family of the President—he himself being too ill to attend—members of the Cabinet, the Justices of the Supreme Court, representatives of the Diplomatic Corps, officers of the army, and members of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Loyal Legion. The vacant space was occupied by private citizens, great throngs of whom—among them many women—were obliged to remain out-doors until the funeral procession was formed. Mrs. Logan, her daughter, and her son-in-law, her son, and other members of the household, occupied seats reserved for them. Besides the Rev. Dr. Newman, the Rev. Dr. Butler, Chaplain of the Senate, Bishop Andrews, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, of Philadelphia, took parts in the funeral service. The pall-bearers were General Sherman, ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling, Senator Stanford, Postmaster-General Vilas, General Lucius Fairchild, Mr. C. H. Andrews, Colonel F. D. Grant, Dr. McMillan, Mr. M. D. Leggett, and General John C. Black. The Senate-Chamber was appropriately draped, and Senator Logan's chair was covered with black. Elaborate floral decorations testified to the grief of military and political organizations, officials of the government, and personal friends.

At the conclusion of the funeral service the procession was formed at the east end of the Capitol, which accompanied the body to the grave. It was a very cold day, and a light rain was falling, but the long lines of civilians and veterans and officials uncovered their heads when the hearse passed. It was drawn by four black horses, and moved inside a square formed of members of the Grand Army of the Republic. The long procession, consisting of regular troops, of marines, of representatives of the Loyal Legion, and of members of all departments of the government, led by General Sheridan, accompanied the body to Rock Creek Cemetery, on the outskirts of Washington. It will rest there, guarded for the present by volunteer guards from the Soldiers' Home, until Mrs. Logan shall have decided where it shall finally be placed. There has seldom been a more impressive funeral at the capital.

ANDOVER SEMINARY AND ITS PROFESSORS.

Public attention has of late been drawn to Andover Theological Seminary by the want of agreement between several of its professors and leading representatives of American Congregationalism. On the 25th of October last charges of heresy were brought against Professors Smyth, Tucker, Churchill, Harris, and Hincks. The complainants were Dr. Henry M. Dexter, editor of the *Congregationalist*, Dr. J. W. Wellman, of Malden, Professor J. J. Blaisdell, of Beloit College, and the Rev. O. T. Lamphear, of Beverly, Massachusetts. The complaint was addressed to the Board of Visitors, who are Dr. Seelye, president of Amherst College, Dr. Eustis, and Joshua N. Marshall. The Visitors have absolute power in the premises, but the question has been raised whether their jurisdiction is original or appellate, the friends of the professors claiming that the original jurisdiction over the case vests in the trustees of the seminary. The specifications of heresy are sixteen in all. Among them are these: that the professors named teach that "the Bible is not the only perfect rule of faith and practice," that "the Trinity is modal and not personal," that "the atonement of Christ consists essentially and chiefly in His becoming identified with the human race through His incarnation," that "there is and will be probation after death for all men who have not in this world had knowledge of the historic Christ," and that "the said professors hold many things which cannot be reconciled with that orthodox and consistent Calvinism which the statutes require of them." The hearing of these charges took place, on the date already mentioned, in a room of the United States Hotel, Boston. In this, which was properly a preliminary investigation, the counsel for the professors contended that the trustees of the seminary alone have original jurisdiction of the case, and that the gentlemen accused have the right to be tried singly. The latter point was promptly conceded.

Since then an amended complaint against the Rev. Dr. Egbert C. Smyth, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the seminary, has appeared. The charges here are that Professor Smyth is not orthodox, judged by the summary of doctrine contained in the Westminster Shorter Catechism, that he is not a consistent Calvinist, and that he holds erroneous opinions, such as that the Bible is not the only perfect rule of faith and practice. For proof the complainants rely upon the *Andover Review* and Professor Smyth's work entitled *Progressive Orthodoxy*. It must be borne in mind by the readers of this article that charges are not proofs, and that if these opinions are held by the Andover professors, they are held from sincere convictions. All are irreproachable Christian gentlemen, and were they in private life no notice would be taken of their peculiar modes of thought. But it is contended that, holding responsible positions in a seminary established for the purpose of representing and teaching a well-defined faith, they cannot remain therein without being guilty of a breach of trust. Whether a man believes, in our times, in a modal or a personal Trinity, not a hair of his head will be endangered; we no longer burn or imprison for heresy. But as every Church has a creed, and as every school of theology is established for the maintenance of its Church's creed, the question whether theological professors are faithful to their trust is always a legitimate one.

What, then, is the creed of Andover Seminary? To answer this question it will be necessary to glance at the history of its founding. In the year 1806 a company of Congregationalists was formed with the object of creating a school of theology in connection with Phillips Academy. They were known as the "Associate Founders," and before conveying the property acquired for the purpose, formulated a creed and statutes, which the trustees chosen accepted. It was the time of the separation in New England of the Unitarian from the Orthodox Congregationalists, and the seminary was intended to be both a protest against that new phase of theology and a bulwark of the Calvinistic faith. The creed affirms all the leading doctrines of Calvinism: that there is an election of some to eternal life of God's mere good pleasure, that salvation is wholly of grace, that God has foreordained whatever comes to pass, but that His decrees perfectly consist with human liberty. Each professor is required, before his induction to office, not only to sign this formula, but also to promise that he will teach it in opposition to "Atheists, Jews, Papists, Mohammedans, Arians, Pelagians, Antinomians, Arminians, Socinians, Sabellians, Unitarians, and Universalists." Obviously the founders of Andover intended to bind its professors with strong cords, and yet Moses Stuart accepted the office of teacher there, and worked in his office with freedom and joy. As far back as 1821 the restrictions of the creed must have been complained of as severe, for on a public occasion in that year Professor Stuart felt himself called upon to speak in their defence. "Had not," he asked, "the founders, sincerely believing as they did that the principles of their creed were truly Christian, the right to bestow their property in such a way as to maintain those principles? If you deny this, you deny liberty of conscience and the liberty of Christians." And for the professors, of whom he was one, he makes this claim: "If in the course of future investigations they alter their opinion in respect to any doctrines of the creed, nothing prevents the alteration. They are at liberty as much as any other men on earth. They make no promise not to change their opinions, express or implied. But the founders have provided that, in case of such a change, they cannot be retained in their service."

Thus, according to Professor Stuart, a school of theology is not a place for the investigation of doctrine with a view to determining what is and what is not true, but a place for inculcating doctrine already believed to be true. Such a school is a Church's fortress, wherein its treasures are deposited, and where, too, these treasures are to be kept secure against any and all assailants. This is the accepted American theory of a theological school. If insensibly in the course of years the Church changes its doctrinal opinions, the teaching of its theological professors will be one of the earliest symptoms of the change. To recur to our figure, they may begin to parley with some of the besiegers, and be ready to let them in. This may be the ground of the difficulty at Andover, though we do not make such an assertion as a matter of fact.

Upon the occurrence of every such controversy as this the question arises, "In what sense is subscription to the creed required?—may one subscribe to it as substantially true, or must he give his assent to its articles in severalty?" On this question the two parties are at issue. Professor Edwards A. Park, now living in retirement after a service of long years in the seminary, insists that subscription was always intended to be made without qualifications as to any of the articles. He says, with great vigor: "The founders could never have been persuaded to endow a seminary which would drop one article of its creed at every fresh arrival of a German steamer. They gave their funds for something stable, something which the churches could depend upon, something which laymen would know where to find. All this may be termed bigotry; but bigotry or no bigotry, there is the fact and there is the law."

It is fortunate that all the parties to this trial are proceeding with deliberation and composure. The *Congregationalist* styles it "a friendly suit" to determine questions of fact and law. It is rare that an investigation of a charge of heresy proceeds in friendliness from beginning to end. If this one does so proceed, it will be proved that complainants and respondents have that which is the end sought for in all dogmatic teaching—right Christian character.

Since the above account was written, the trial of the charges against Professor Smyth has begun in the United States Hotel, Boston (December 29). His answer is a denial that these charges show him to have violated, in his teaching, the terms of the Andover Seminary's creed. At the time of the printing of the present number of the Weekly the case is, as the lawyers say, still on.

"A DEMIGOD" AND EVOLUTION.

Under the above title a writer in the January number of the *Popular Science Monthly* censures what he terms "scientific misrepresentation" in the novel *A Demigod*. Now although the general merit or demerit of the book is a matter of small importance to the public, the just discussion of a scientific principle is of the utmost importance, and it is with this excuse that I venture a second time upon the task of replying to what seems to me unjust criticism.

"The hero," complains the critic, "is evolved from ordinary mankind, as Maud S. was evolved from ordinary horsekind, by artificial selection," and has advanced, "not in certain directions at the expense of others—the usual result of artificial selection—but in all directions at once!" It will be admitted, I suppose, that artificial selection produces its results on precisely the same principles as natural selection, only, as a general rule, with far greater rapidity. The directions, therefore, in which advance is made are those which happen to be selected. In the little preface of the book criticised occurs the following passage: "The natural pear is a wretched little rose-pip: art has developed it into a Duchesse d'Angoulême." Will my critic say in what directions advance has not been made in this instance? What qualities have been sacrificed that others might be developed at their "expense"? Natural selection, modern science teaches us, has developed man from an ape-like ancestor. Has the advance been made only in "certain directions at the expense of others"? Have certain qualities and powers been sacrificed that others might be developed? Yes. Low instincts, brutish stolidity, savage ferocity, coarse muscularity, in the bestial progenitor, have given place to humane impulses, noble intelligence, heroic courage, and a physique which, with less brute strength, has yet, doubtless, greater vitality and endurance. In the *Demigod* I have simply imagined the process of development still going on in precisely the same directions. To characterize this as "scientific misrepresentation" is simply to betray a superficial knowledge of the accepted theory of selection. The theory teaches that the primordial germ of all life upon earth was a cell of protoplasm. From this cell, we are told, all living things, man himself included, have been evolved. At the "expense" of what? Sweet simplicity?

"In this universal development," continues the critic, "are displayed, of course, the most incongruous combinations: savage valor, for instance, in overcoming single-handed a horde of mountain brigands armed with *rifles*, and 'Christ-like goodness' in forgiving their chief, who has subjected him to long hours of torture."

When the reader learns that the "savage valor" was displayed in rescuing from the brigands a party of innocent prisoners condemned to death for non-payment of ransom, this word "savage" may lose some of its piquancy, and the valor may not seem so incompatible with "Christ-like goodness" after all. Why, by-the-way, is the word "rifles" italicized? If a little more of the story had been told, to wit, that the rescue was a well-timed surprise, that the brigands, in fancied security, were scattered here and there about their camp, the majority of them with their *rifles* in pieces to be cleaned and oiled, would the italics have seemed so forcible?

The next "incongruous combination" is "the rude simplicity of a wild man of the mountains, and the æsthetic tastes of a Parisian." The "wild man" is represented as having free access, through a purchasing agent, to all the literary and artistic treasures of Paris and the rest of the world, while the very central idea of the story is his symmetrical mental, moral, and physical development. That can hardly be regarded a lofty or true conception of the function of æsthetic culture which holds it incompatible with valor, force, or manly simplicity of character. I have given my hero education and refinement, but not that kind which saps virile force, thins the blood, softens the muscles, and enervates the brain. If my critic knows no effects of æsthetic culture save these, no wonder he saw "incongruous combinations" in Hector Vyr.

But his most bitter complaint is that the Demigod was not killed by the blows he received upon his head. "How much longer," he asks, with an air of giving the *coup de grace*, "could Maud S. endure blows of an axe upon her dainty forehead than a horse of humbler pedigree?"

It is sufficient answer to this to call the reader to witness that nowhere in the book, from beginning to end, is the most remote allusion made to an "axe." Hector Vyr is knocked down by the brigand's *club*, with the wildly improbable result that his skull is not fractured! Take due notice henceforth, all ye newspaper reporters, never dare to tell of a blow upon a human cranium which does not dash out the brains!

Let me say, in conclusion, that *A Demigod* is not designed as a contribution to the "literature of evolution." If it has an object beyond that of entertainment, it is to present a high ideal of what is noble and generous, to gratify the all-prevailing sentiment of hero-worship, and to satirize certain faults in our undeveloped humanity by holding them up against a background of ideal perfection.

Author of "A Demigod."

PROFESSOR CHARLES SHORT.

The death of Professor Short on Christmas Eve took from American scholarship one of its conspicuous representatives. He was a typical man of letters of the old school, one of the few who have, down to the present time, resisted the specializing tendencies of the learned world, and continued to extend their labors throughout vast provinces of thought and culture.

His quiet life met with no startling incidents, and sought no publicity, except for such contributions as he made to the world's stock of truth. Charles Short was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, May 28, 1821, and after acquiring the rudiments of education in his native village, was prepared for Harvard College at Phillips Academy in Andover. Here he formed a taste for the study of language which determined his career. His familiarity with the Greek tongue and with much of its literature attracted notice while he was a school-boy, and it is still remembered that when, on one occasion, a difficult question of interpretation arose in reading one of his favorite authors, and no solution satisfactory to him could be furnished by his teachers or found in their books, he walked twenty miles to Boston to search for the truth in the Harvard College library. At the age of twenty-one he received the highest honors of the Phillips Academy, and delivered an oration in Greek which was so highly esteemed that it was found among the treasured papers of Dr. Taylor, the principal, at his death.

Mr. Short then entered the Freshman class at Harvard, and was graduated with high honor in 1846. Among his classmates were Senator George F. Hoar, Professors Child, Lane, and Norton, of Harvard College, Fitz-Edward Hall, the Oriental scholar, and others who have done good service to the nation. His oration on Commencement Day was upon the poet Shelley, and in all his after-life, as in his boyhood, he associated the earnest study of words with the study of language in its highest forms, the masterpieces of literary art. After a year of post-graduate study in Cambridge he returned to Andover as Assistant Master in Phillips Adademy, and soon after became Head-Master of the the Public Classical School in Roxbury. After six years in this position he removed to Philadelphia, and spent ten years in the conduct of a private classical school. In 1863 he was called to the presidency of Kenyon College, in Ohio, where he also filled the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy. In 1867 he was elected Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in Columbia College, New York, and he held that office until his death.

Thus his profession was that of a teacher, and the principal aim of his life was directly to inform, stimulate, and refine the minds of successive classes of pupils. He did this work so well that he is gratefully remembered by hundreds who learned from him how to esteem and love

> "The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
> Our spirits from their urns."

Yet his mental and moral activity overflowed the class-room, and sought usefulness in many other ways. His occasional contributions to learned periodicals, such as the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, the *North American Review*, and the *American Journal of Philology*, gave to the public in a condensed and unpretending form the results of many years of earnest inquiry; and at the time of his death he had nearly finished in the last-named journal a series of articles upon a portion of the revised New Testament, which perhaps form the most minute, thorough, and complete critical estimate of that work which has yet appeared. He edited a book of advanced Latin exercises, and a work on classical geography, and was one of the editors of *Harper's Latin Dictionary*, now the standard hand-book of that language in England and America. But his most elaborate production, and that which reveals the most patient industry, was his exhaustive treatise on "The Order of Words in Attic Greek," prefixed to the American edition of Yonge's *English Greek Lexicon*—an essay which stands alone as the final authority upon its subject.

But the amount of his literary productiveness, however varied, and in the aggregate of considerable importance, affords no adequate measure of the man, as known to his associates and friends. In fact, it was always characteristic of him that his person, his intellect, and his scholarship were felt to be far greater than his work. With strong religious faith and feelings, he lived as one to whom life is but a preparation for nobler work and greater usefulness in other spheres. His delight was to read and acquire rather than to express, and to his last days study was his recreation. He familiarized himself with many languages, studied the Sanscrit in connection with his favorite Greek and Latin, and read with discrimination and enjoyment the best literature of Germany, Spain, France, and Italy. He was especially fond of the poets and preachers of the great English epochs; Spenser and Milton, Barrow, South, and Jeremy Taylor, were to him familiar friends. As a member of the Committee of Revision of the English New Testament, while his minute and critical knowledge of the original text was always respected, his most eminent service was in his unerring taste and accuracy in the use of his mother-tongue. His patience, his genuine modesty, his eagerness to learn from every source, his slowness to dogmatize, even on subjects on which few could dispute and none could rival his competence to judge, will long be remembered by those to whom his influence has been of value, and to all who knew him the memory of the man is something far more precious than any of his achievements; and he is revered for what he took with him at his departure more than for what he left behind.

MARCO MINGHETTI.

The death of Signor Marco Minghetti, which took place at Rome on December 10, removed from public life in Italy the last of the remarkable group of statesmen who were the associates and political heirs of Cavour. It is true that Signor Visconti-Venosta still survives, but he has long since retired from public life. Cavour, Ricasoli, Farini, Lamarmora, Scialoija, Lanza, Sella, and Minghetti, with Visconti-Venosti, constituted a group of statesmen whose abilities, integrity, and patriotism made them known and honored throughout Europe, and whose devotion to liberty and order was a guarantee to Europe that the new Italian kingdom would not be permitted to fall into the hands either of radical revolutionists or clerical reactionists.

Marco Minghetti was born in Bologna in 1818. From his earliest youth he was a liberal, but never a conspirator. He entered public life as Minister of Public Works in the liberal cabinet of Pius IX. in 1848, but on the abandonment by the Pope of the Italian national crown he retired to Piedmont. He fought in the Piedmontese army in the two campaigns of Carlo Alberto against Austria, and afterward came into intimate relations with Cavour.

After the death of Sella, Minghetti was the acknowledged chief of the Right. Although for some years the Left had a very large majority in the Chamber, it was so split up into rival groups that no Ministry was able to remain in power for more than a few months at a time. In these circumstances Minghetti, with the patriotic motive of enabling Italy to have a stable government, came loyally to the support of the Prime Minister Depretis, and the latter, who entered office as the leader of the Left, has been able to maintain himself, with the help of the Right, for some years. In thus securing to the country the blessing of a stable administration, Minghetti gave a substantial proof of his unselfish devotion to public interest.

For the last year Minghetti had suffered from a cancer, but in spite of the painful and hopeless nature of his disease he remained in harness to the last. The day before his death the King came to his bedside, and with the deepest grief stood by the side of his friend and loyal Minister, who in his delirium was repeating to himself, "I have still to render service to the country." Although as a liberal and the opponent of the temporal power Minghetti was during his public life often placed in opposition to the Church of Rome, he was still a Christian, and one of his last requests was for a priest, saying to his wife, "While I retract nothing that I have said and regret nothing that I have done, I wish to die in the faith of my fathers."

His funeral, which occurred on December 13, was a magnificent demonstration of respect on the part of all classes of Italians. It presented the unprecedented spectacle of the representatives of the court, of the royal army, of the clergy, and of the Garibaldian veterans all marching in procession together. Over the tomb of the man thus honored by all political parties, political opponents hitherto bitterly hostile have visibly approached one another, and the death of Marco Minghetti has, like his life, aided the cause of true Italian unity.

THE LUMBER RAFT.

In this number of the Weekly we give a picture of a lumber raft capacious enough to contain on a part of its area the tents and shelters of a dozen lumbermen, their fires and cooking apparatus, their chests, canoes, and whatever else is needed for a long journoy down-stream. Rivers are the lumbermen's highways, the proportion of logs carried to market by rail being very small. There is an air of substantial comfort and enjoyment about this scene such as cannot always be had on *terra firma*, although fair weather and freedom from immediate cares would seem necessary to produce this appearance of contentment, not to say of luxurious ease. Floating lumber to mill and market began on an extensive scale early in the century in this country, but has almost ceased upon some of its rivers through the denuding of the valleys of most of their vast forests. In the less settled regions it may be found in full scope, great rafts covering the rivers for long distances. Even half a century ago there were two hundred and fifty saw-mills on the Penobscot and its tributaries alone above Bangor, sawing two hundred million feet of boards a year. The Kennebec, Androscoggin, and other Maine rivers had their mills. And so it was with Vermont and New Hampshire and New York and Pennsylvania. Since then the great States of the Northwest, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and the rest, have added their vast contributions to logging and rafting, and the Pacific coast has joined in.

The continent of America is more thickly covered than any other with forests, but of the United States it has been said by Mr. Marsh that Oregon is now the only portion left that contains "more woodland than it ought permanently to preserve." There are now probably over thirty thousand saw-mills in the country provided with modern means of swift work, so that it may be imagined what prodigious supplies of timber are still brought to market. The loss caused by felling and by forest fires is now somewhat repaired by replanting and by the regulations of forestry laws and associations.

MRS. LOGAN.

Mary Simmerson Logan, the widow of General John A. Logan, is the great-granddaughter of Robert Cunningham, of Virginia, a soldier of the Revolutionary war, who settled in Illinois after the war, and there manumitted his slaves. Her father was Captain John M. Cunningham, also a soldier, who fought in the Black Hawk war, then served in 1845 and 1846 in the Illinois Legislature, and again took up arms in the war with Mexico. Miss Elizabeth Fontaine, her mother, was of a distinguished French family of Louisiana. Mrs. Logan was born August 15, 1838, at Petersburg, now Sturgeon, Boone County, Missouri. When she was a year old her parents removed to Marion, Williamson County, Illinois, and in this frontier home her mother cared for the family while the husband was in Mexico. The daughter was courageous, dutiful, and helpful, and an object of great pride to her father, who in 1853 sent her to the Convent of St. Vincent, near Morganfield, Kentucky. Her training in this Roman Catholic institution was thorough, but it did not extend to her religion. She had been reared a Baptist, and Baptist she remained until after her marriage, when she became a Methodist. She left the convent in 1855, joining her family at Shawneetown. Before this school experience, and when her father had called upon her to help him, as Sheriff, Clerk of the Court, and Register of the Land-office, to prepare papers, she had known John A. Logan. He was now Prosecuting Attorney for the district. She had scarcely left school before she was his bride. She was not yet sixteen, but she was a self-reliant woman. Over rough roads, and in all sorts of weather, she travelled with him from court to court. From the time of his earliest political campaign in 1856, when he was elected to the Legislature, down to the last close contest in Illinois, she has been his intelligent, tactful helpmeet. She did much of the writing that would otherwise have fallen to General Logan. She came with him to Washington when he entered the House of Representatives as a Douglas Democrat. She followed him whenever and wherever she could while he was a soldier; nursed him back to health after he had been wounded at Fort Donelson. Since the war she has been as well known to Washington society as General Logan himself. Always a comely woman, she has been treated kindly by time. Her hair is almost white, but her eyes are bright, her complexion good, her presence striking. She has the peculiar faculty of remembering the people she has met, of impressing each new-comer with the idea that he possesses some individual attraction for her, and she employed her powers successfully in enlisting all her acquaintances among the personal friends, if not supporters, of her husband.

THE CARE OF THE HORSE.

One of the best-known stable-men in New York has a horse that is thirty years old. "I shouldn't wonder," he said, "if I got good service out of this animal for ten years more." The horse is driven every day, and is in no way regarded or treated as infirm; nor has he the gait or the appearance of an old animal. "If he were neglected," the owner declared, "he would go to pieces in a few weeks." A horse that maintains his useful qualities at such an age is, of course, exceptional; but he ought not to be, for such advancement has been made in the science of taking care of a horse that most healthful animals under proper treatment could be made to add at least fifty per cent. to the present average period of their service, to say nothing of improvement in its quality.

Every hostler has his theories, and any man who undertakes to lay down cast-iron rules for the care of the horse will need all his time for controversy. But the fundamental rule of every successful hostler, whether he has ever formulated it or not, is to do everything with reference to the horse's comfort. The work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has done more, it might almost be said, than veterinary science itself for the horse; and the greatest benefit which this society has done is not the prevention of acts of gross cruelty, great as this direct service has been, but the cultivation it has encouraged of a more humane feeling for the horse. Men are coming to think more of the comfort of the animal, prompted by sympathy and plain common-sense, than of their theories about feeding and working, or of the rules they have read in books. And this is the very essence of every system of good management. The horse's instinct to be comfortable is a guide no less sure than a man's to proper physical conditions.

A stall four feet six inches by eight feet is not large enough for a horse of the average size. When he lies down he will be cramped, and cramped rest is never healthful. A stall ought to be five feet by ten for a horse from fourteen to fifteen hands high. Confined within a narrower space than this, he is likely to rub either his head or his tail, and many a horse is irritated into a habit of kicking by this particular discomfort. And then the thoughtless owner wonders why the horse should kick, and proceeds to cure him of the habit by making him still more uncomfortable. It is important, too, that the floor of a stable should be perfectly level. A stable ought not to be constructed as a place to confine a horse, but as a place for him to rest—a bedroom, not a prison. But no animal can rest when it has to stand on an inclined plane, for the muscles of the legs are then not in a normal position. Messrs George Ferguson & Son, the well-known stable-men in New York, lay great stress on this simple precaution against many foot diseases.

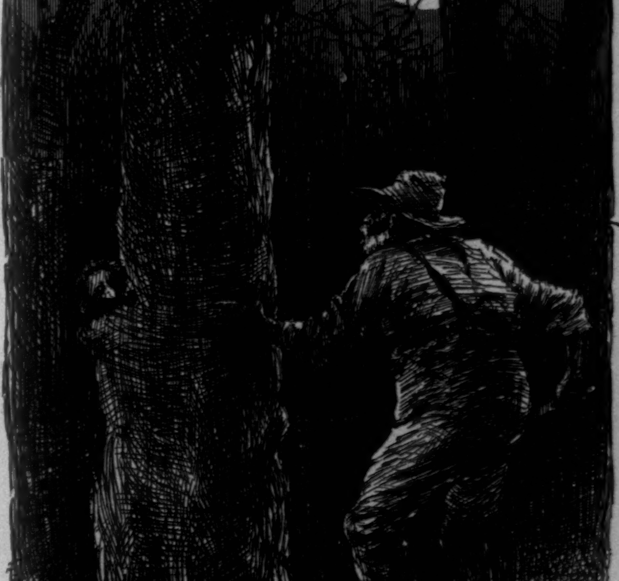
The most of the diseases that horses have, it becomes plainer with every advancement made in the science of taking proper care of them, are bred rather by their surroundings than, as the old theories declare, by what they eat. The diary of every day in a healthful horse's life ought to begin with the statement that his bed was turned up in the morning, and new straw put in place of the foul. An unclean animal cannot be comfortable. Drainage, of course, is the first subject to consider, for a stable where the smallest quantity of foul water stands, to say nothing of pools of it, is offensive to a horse as well as to a man. A hostler who does not have his stables well drained has no right to complain if his horses grow old early, become vicious, or get sick. And ventilation is quite as important as drainage. An experienced stable-man has ventured the opinion that fewer horses are foundered by what they eat or drink than by exposure to draughts while they rest. His stables are so ventilated that the currents of air never touch the horses. The stalls are not ventilated from below, but above the horses' heads.

The same general principle of having regard first of all for the comfort of the animal gives the key to the proper management of the questions of food and drink. The horseman of experience is not half so unwilling to trust an animal's own appetite as the novice is. A horse that is overheated should, of course, have a blanket; but no rule can be laid down for blanketing unless the violence of the work the horse does, the weather, and the comfort of the stable are all taken into account. The purpose is to prevent the animal's taking cold, and good judgment is the only guide. But every horse should have a blanket as every man should have an overcoat. When a horse is overheated, it is not prudent to allow him to drink an unnatural quantity of very cold water; but many a poor beast suffers from thirst by the mistaken kindness of his master. The old system of "drawing" race-horses required that the trotter should be both hungry and thirsty when he went on the track. The owner of a trotter not many years ago had lost the first heat of the race, to his surprise, and he consulted an experienced friend. "If you will let me run the horse as I wish," said the friend, "he will win the race;" and the owner agreed that he should take the animal in hand. "Well," said the friend, "the beast is thirsty. I'll water him." The horse, which had not been allowed to drink, now drank more than a pail of water; and he won the race.

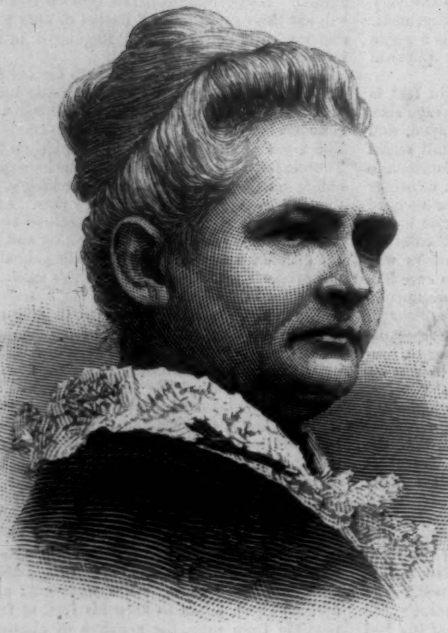
The appetite of horses varies not only according to the peculiar requirements of each animal's system, but according to the exhausting nature of his work. A draught-horse or plough-horse ought to be allowed to eat wholesome food in as great quantities as he wishes. If the food is digestible and healthful, and his appetite has been kept normal by generous feeding, he will not hurt himself. Naturally the horse is anything but a gluttonous animal. Large draught-horses that do full work will eat three-quarters of a bushel of oats a day, and work the better for it. Regularity in feeding keeps the appetite natural.

Perhaps the greatest single help toward making the working period of a horse's life half as long again as it is even yet generally thought possible has been the development of horse dentistry. The front teeth are used only to pick up food. They do not wear out, therefore, as the horse grows older; on the contrary, they become longer. But the grinders wear out, a little every year. At last a time comes, usually about the tenth or twelfth year, when the front teeth shut together and leave the grinders apart. The result is, the animal cannot properly grind its food; and this means not only pain in trying to eat, and the necessity of making an unnatural effort with the jaws and all the muscles brought into action in chewing, but, worse than this, the swallowing of food in an indigestible shape. Disease is invited; more or less derangement of the digestive organs is inevitable; the beast at last reaches a point where it never has a comfortable meal; it begins to look old in the face, to become stiff of movement; and while it ought yet to be in the prime of life, it dies of old age. Now when the front teeth first begin to prevent the grinders from doing their important work properly a skilful horse dentist ought to be engaged to file them down to the point where they will come together simultaneously with the grinders. Then the horse can chew well until the grinders wear out; and if care has been taken to keep his food as free as possible from sand, the grinders of almost any healthy horse will last for twenty-five years, and of many much longer. The front teeth of horses, after they begin to grow old, ought to be filed at least once a year. This humane and life-preserving treatment has so often been resorted to by unscrupulous dealers as a trick to give the mouths of old horses a youthful appearance, in order to deceive buyers, that a popular prejudice has been created against the custom. But it is really the secret of preserving the lives and lengthening the period of the usefulness of all good animals.

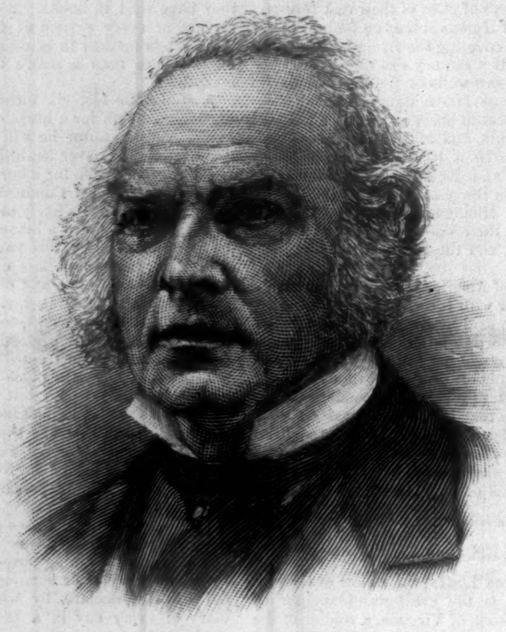
In caring for horses, in the construction of the stable, in keeping it scrupulously clean, in regulating their drink, in providing their food, in harnessing them and in working them, however great difference of opinion there may be among the learned in veterinary science as to theories or methods, the fundamental fact that underlies every successful method of treatment is the fact that to keep an animal in health it must be kept comfortable. An uncomfortable place to rest or to eat, an uncomfortable method of work, long fasts, and offensive surroundings may all be endured for a time, and the victim of any of these may even be made accustomed to such a life. But practically all the diseases that horses have, and the premature shortening of their period of useful work, are caused by lack of comfort. It hardly need be added that good temper as well as health suffers from this same cause. The most thoughtful and humane man is the best hostler.


from sketch by J. G Taylor

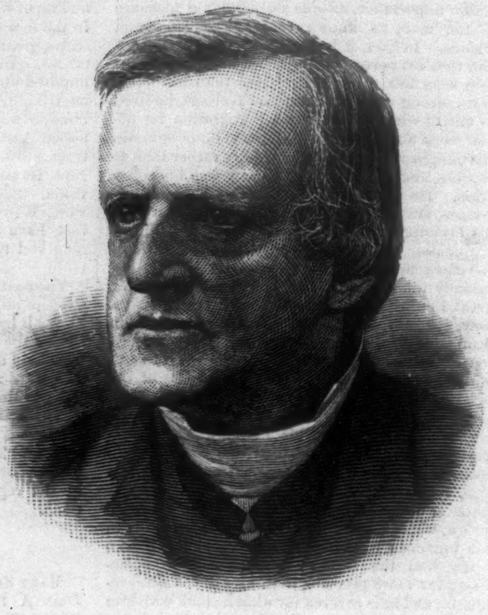
THE SAME THOUGHT WORRYING THEM BOTH.
"Whar's dat ar' ole 'coon gwine ter, anyhow?"



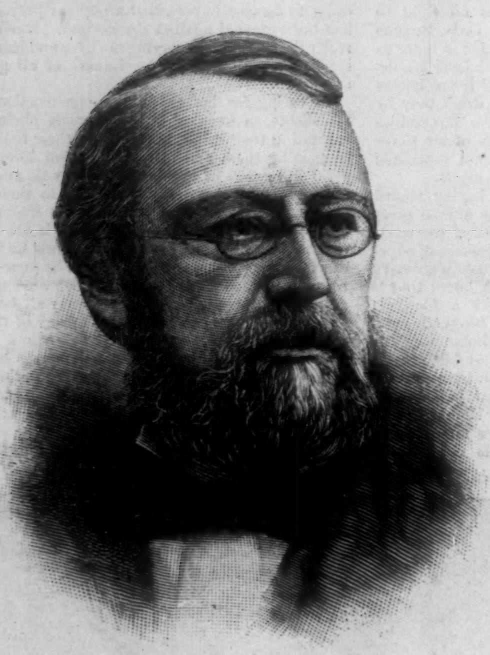
MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 27.]



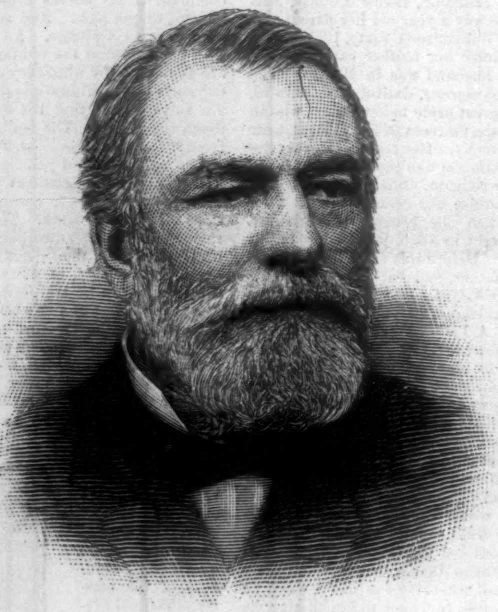
PROFESSOR CHARLES SHORT, OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH BROTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 26.]



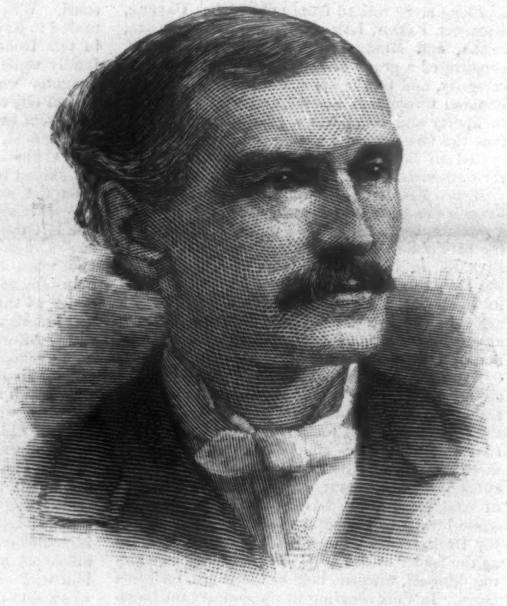
PROFESSOR EDWARDS A. PARK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY VICKERY, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 26.]



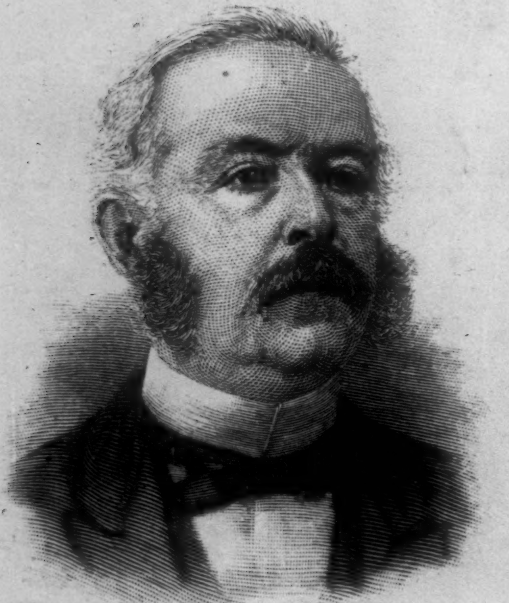
PROFESSOR EGBERT C. SMYTH.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 26.]



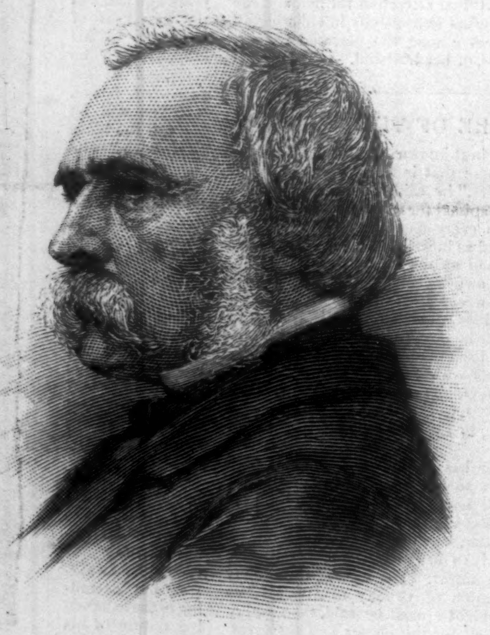
REV. HENRY M. DEXTER, D.D.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK & CO., BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 26.]



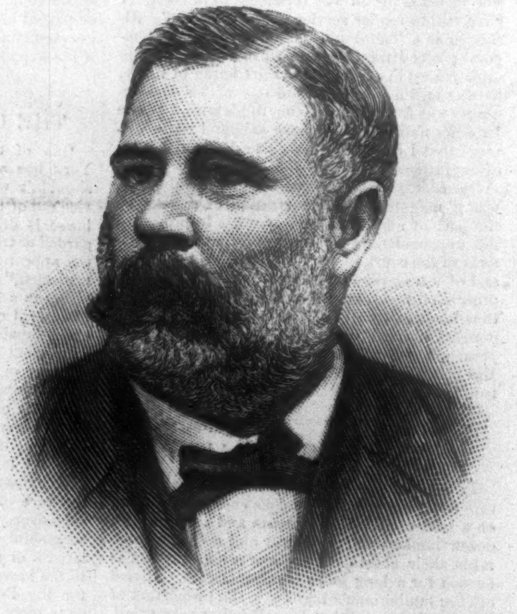
PROFESSOR WILLIAM J. TUCKER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 26.]



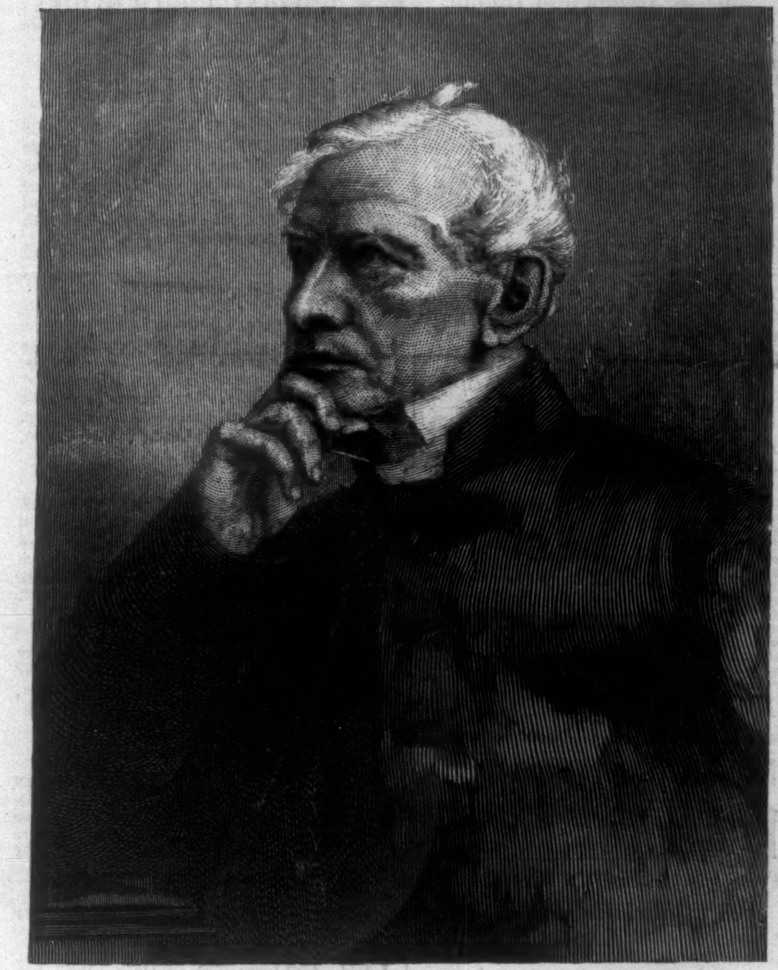
MARCO MINGHETTI.—[SEE PAGE 27.]



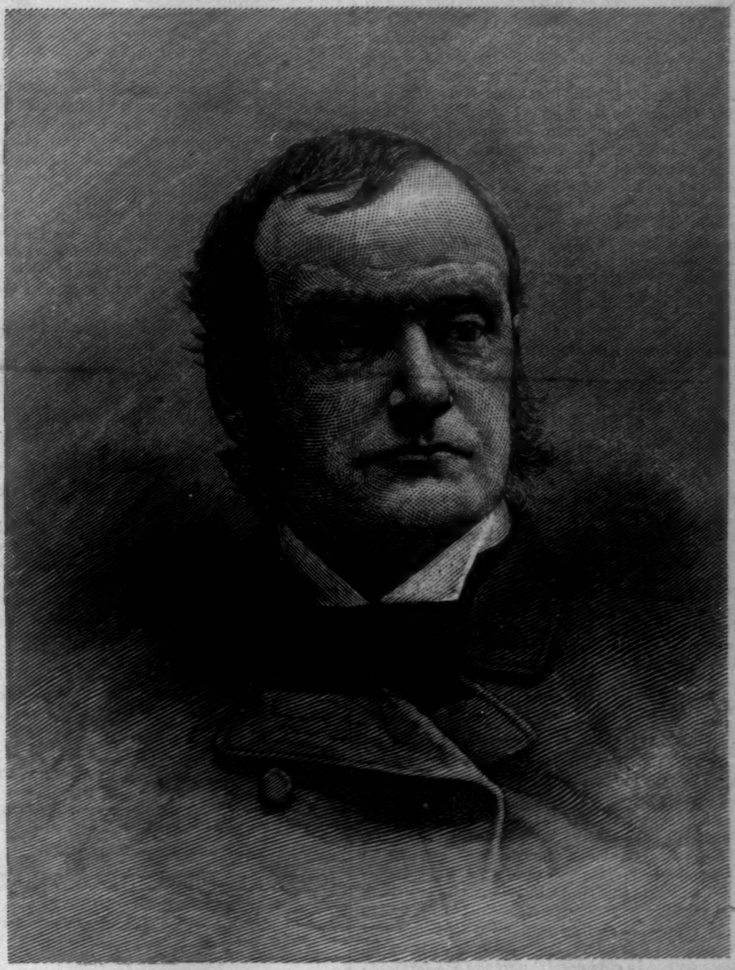
ASHBEL H. BARNEY.—[SEE PAGE 30.]



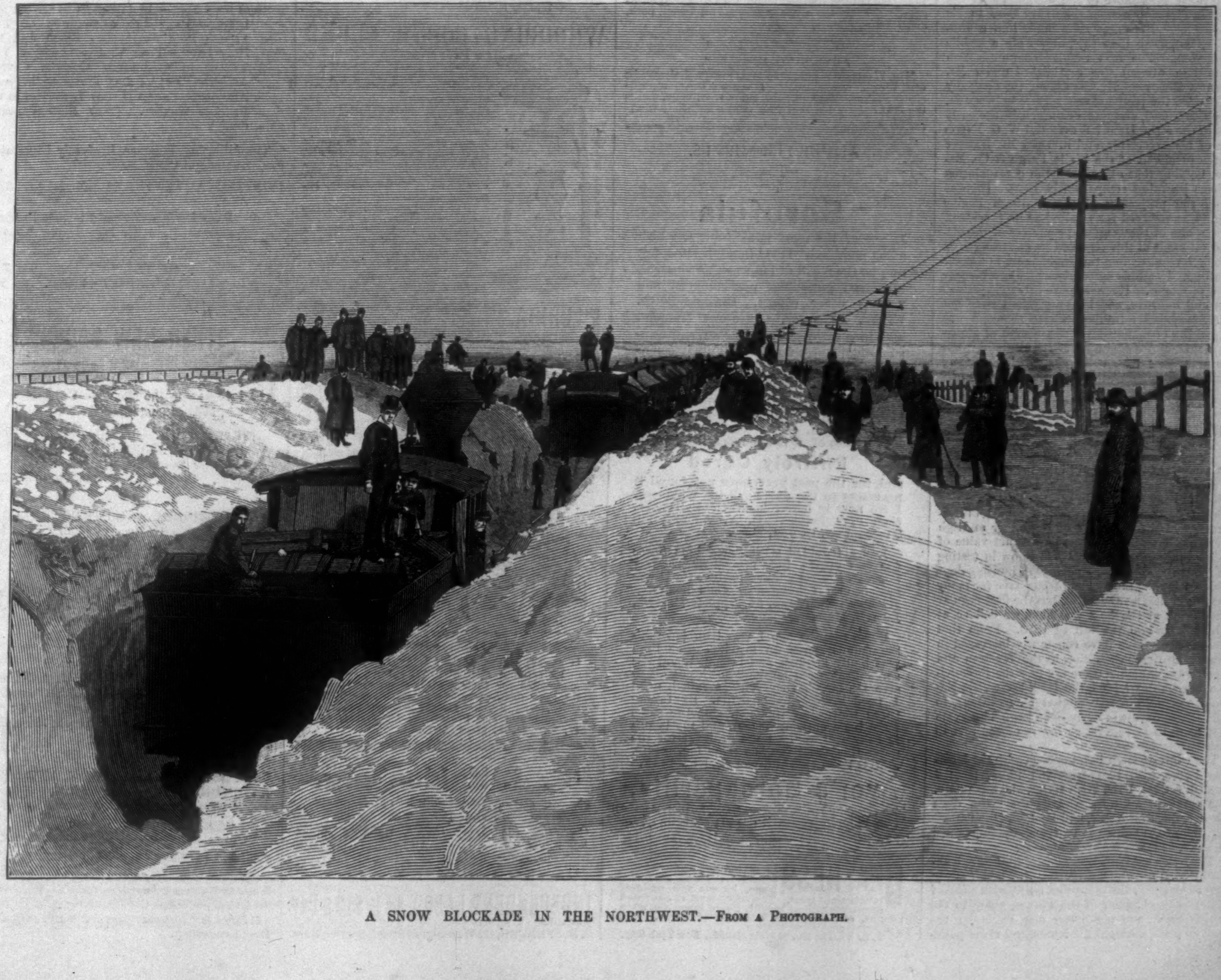
SHEPHERD F. KNAPP.—[SEE PAGE 30.]



THE RT. REV. HORATIO POTTER, D.D., LATE BISHOP OF NEW YORK.
DIED JANUARY 2, AGED 84.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.



THE RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., BISHOP OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JORDAN.



A SNOW BLOCKADE IN THE NORTHWEST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SHEPHERD F. KNAPP.

SHEPHERD KNAPP was born in Beekman Street on August 29, 1832, at which time that locality was one of the aristocratic quarters of the city. His father was a leather merchant in the "Swamp," and it was in this line of business that the son, with his brother PETER K. KNAPP, made his first business venture. Having made the venture a profitable one, he later joined several of his brothers in the manufacture of candles, under the firm name of KNAPP BROTHERS. In 1861 he retired from the candle business, and for some years was active in politics, always as an uncompromising Democrat. He was Street Commissioner under FERNANDO WOOD. When the Bowling Green Savings-Bank failed in 1872, Mr. KNAPP was appointed receiver. Retiring from his manufacturing business about this time, he devoted himself to horses and stocks. He soon became one of the most popular brokers in Wall Street. His love of horses was genuine, and entirely divorced from the gambling element. He did not permit his horses to trot for money, and took no interest in racing, but attended with great interest all the famous trotting matches. The breeding and growth of horses was always a fascinating study to him. He bought many promising colts in order to develop their possibilities, and is said to have owned altogether about two hundred and fifty horses. His face was a familiar one on the road, where he was often seen driving in the company of ROBERT BONNER, Commodore VANDERBILT, and FRANK WORK.

Mr. KNAPP's death, which occurred on Christmas morning, was not wholly unexpected, as he had been in a comatose condition since Tuesday. He leaves two sons, WILLIAM and CHARLES, the former of whom was his partner in the stock-brokerage business.

ASHBEL H. BARNEY.

THE death of ASHBEL H. BARNEY removes another of that long list of Americans whose names are associated with the great enterprises of the last half-century. Mr. BARNEY died on December 28 at his home, No. 101 East Thirty-eighth Street, of heart-disease, after an illness that began only on Christmas Day. He was born at Adams, Jefferson County, in this State, in 1816. His schooling was received at Belleville Academy, in his native county, and his earliest business experience was obtained in this city. For a number of years he was engaged in commercial pursuits at Cleveland. These brought him a fortune. In 1857 he returned to this city, and since that time has been concerned with the enterprises which have made him prominent. He comprehended the needs which arose with the rapid increase and wide distribution of the population of the country, and was quick and bold to put into execution schemes which were even more to the advantage of the people whom they served than they were to his own benefit. His enterprises made him a millionaire, but, more than this, they were a public benefaction. The first regular communication across the continent was established under Mr. BARNEY's direction. He was among the company who started the pony-express service between St. Joseph, Missouri, and San Francisco, in the early years of the war. HENRY WELLS and W. G. FARGO were of his associates, and in 1868 Mr. BARNEY became president of the Wells, Fargo, & Co. Express, holding that office until the consolidation of this with other companies in 1870. He was among the projectors of the Northern Pacific Railway, and served for a period as its president. He was one of the original promoters of the elevated railroads of this city, and was a strong prop to their fortunes when they were most in danger of falling. In all his enterprises he was a pioneer and a promoter. He was moved by the spirit to open and improve, and his enterprises were not merely speculative tradings whose sole end was the making of money. He was a man of generous nature, and endeared himself to many. His wife was Miss SUSAN TRACY. He leaves two children, an unmarried daughter and a son.

FIELD TRIALS OF HUNTING DOGS.

A FULL-PAGE illustration in the present number of the WEEKLY reproduces a scene from the eighth annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club, held during the latter part of November and the first part of December at High Point, in North Carolina. The distinct value of such exhibitions over the Bench Show in testing the relative and actual capacities of hunting dogs needs no explanation. Field trials have for many years been held at the West, but the first regular competition at the East was held, we believe, at Robins Island in the fall of 1878. From that time such meetings have constantly increased in number, so that in addition to the Western and Eastern annual trials there are now the Philadelphia, the Robins Island, the Irish Setter, the National, and still newer annual competitions, to which those devoted to American kennel interests look forward as eagerly as lovers of the turf to their successive meetings.

The trials at High Point opened with the Members' Stake, with 17 entries and 12 starters: 8 English setters, 1 red Irish setter, and 3 pointers. The three prizes were won by the setter dogs Gloster, Dashing Noble, and Brandon, in that order, the prizes being two cups and a plate, valued at $100, $75, and $50 respectively.

The following week was devoted to the sixth annual Derby, for which there were 102 nominations and 29 starters: the first prize, $400, with a cup of $100 to the breeder of the winner, going to the white, black, and tan setter dog Paxtaug; the second prize, $200, to the lemon and white pointer dog Consolation; the third prize, $100, to the black, white, and tan setter dog Jean Valjean.

The All-age Pointer Stakes brought 22 starters out of 35 nominations. The first prize, $300, went to Robert le Diable, a handsome liver and white ticked dog, by Croxteth—Spinaway being, it is said, the only Bench Show pointer winner that ever won the Pointer Stake; Bang-Bang, an orange and white dog, and Prince, a lemon and white, divided second prize and money, $150.

Then followed the All-age Setter Stake, open to all not previous winners of first prize: 26 starters appeared out of 44 entries, Bob Gates winning the first prize, $300, and Gloster and Belle of Piedmont, both belonging to the same owner, dividing the second, $150. A snow-storm prevented the conclusion of the match for the Champion Sweepstakes, the stake being divided. So ended a meeting which was considered by many participants the most successful of the sort ever held in the country.

The trials of the Irish Setter Club, which were to have taken place immediately after, at Salisbury, North Carolina, had to be postponed on account of the same heavy snow-storm; but about the middle of December the National Field Trials Club succeeded in holding its meeting at Grand Junction, Tennessee. About the same date the fourth annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Field Trials Club and the first meeting of the Texas Field Trials Club were due, while the next fixture is the inaugural meeting of the Tennessee Field Trials Club, the middle of February, at Gallatin. These recitals will sufficiently indicate the vast growth and present interest felt in these competitions.

In the illustration on page 20 the dogs are pointing, and the handler of the foremost dog is looking toward the judges in expectation of receiving the order to advance and flush the birds. The people on horseback in the rear are the judges, stewards, reporters, and spectators.

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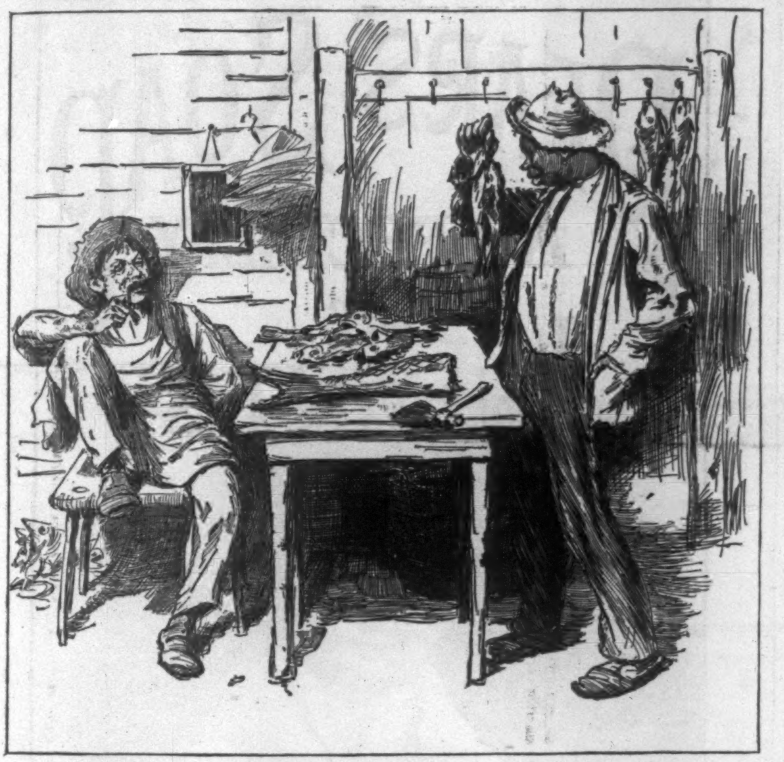

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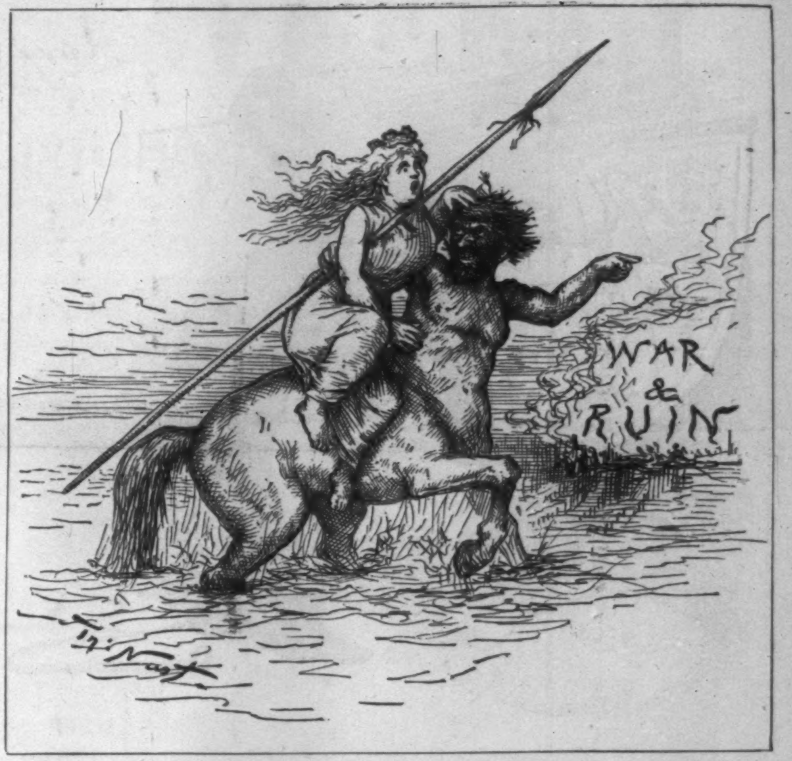

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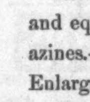

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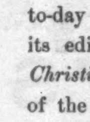

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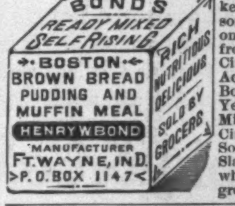

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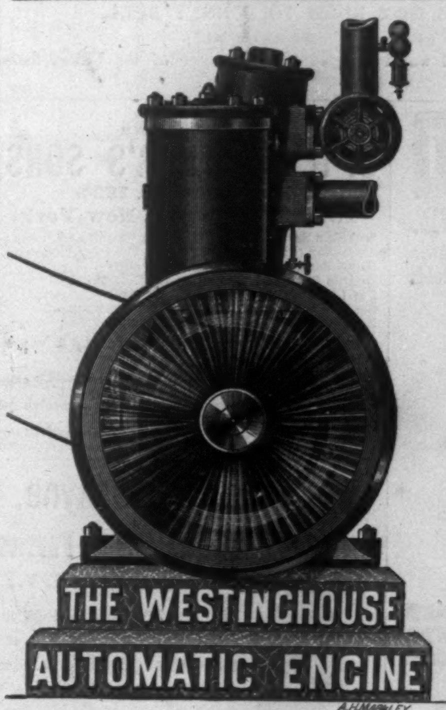

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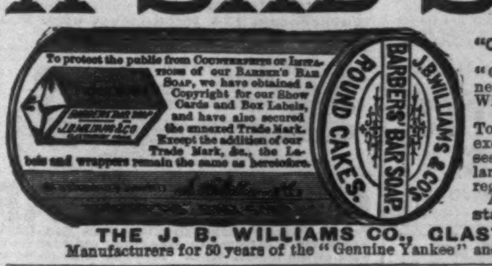

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